

# THE BREATH OF GOD WITH MAN.

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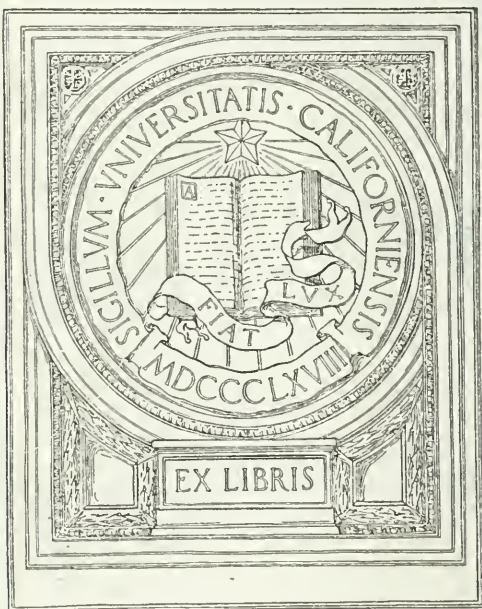
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ROBERT ERNEST COWAN





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# The Breath of God with Man:

AN ESSAY

ON THE GROUNDS AND EVIDENCES

OF

## UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

BY

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

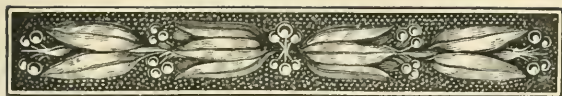
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“He breathed on them, and saith,  
‘Receive ye the Holy Ghost.’”

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New York and London:  
BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.  
1867.





## THE BREATH OF GOD WITH MAN.

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**H**UMAN life is embosomed in mystery. Man is born in the midst of a veiled labyrinth, intricate and many chambered, whose long corridors are haunted by formidable shapes, larvæ and lamia, besetting him with ghostly arts, alluring him with deceptive voices, and tempting him with fallacious appearances. The innocent are inexperienced, the cultured almost universally sophisticated, the devout enslaved by one or another of the multitudinous priesthoods of Christendom or Heathendom, the irreligious bewildered by the hypotheses which form themselves in lurid points upon the bosom of the darkness of their infidelity. The weak and the passive are drawn in the train of hereditary, national, or ecclesiastical forces, as nebulous particles that float in the extremities of a comet ; while the powerful and apostate, according to their proclivities, conserve existing disorders, or precipitate destructive revolutions. The world in general possesses neither Church, University, or Society. The institutions which tenant their places serve but to occupy the ground until the real order appears.

Without a true priesthood there is no organized religion ; without a true philosophership, no corresponding culture ; without a true heroship or kingship, no harmo-

nious, humane Society. Till these appear, universal warfare is the condition of the world; sect striving against sect, theory against theory, and interest against interest, in the social land. The advance of thought generates new antagonisms, while its suppression induces ecclesiastical corruption, intellectual ignorance, social depravity, brutality, and ruin. The multitudes, whether cultured or unlearned, are so far the slaves of cupidities, that, humanly speaking, there is no help, no cure for this chronic condition of affairs. To venture beyond the pale of the recognised parties is to incur the penalty of religious and social ostracism.

So, in the eighteenth century, Swedenborg stood alone. It is melancholy to reflect that in the ratio in which, divesting himself of the mere fallacies and fantasies of the time, he began to glow as a pure morning star, dispensing the lustres of eternity, he sank from the recognition of his contemporaries. From the hour when he beheld the living God, and talked with stately troops of angels, he was looked upon as a hopeless wanderer in the realms of the inane, a dreamy seer of pretended ghosts, the slave and victim of a morbid idiocy of reason. When, after the lapse of nearly a century, the most profound thinkers find themselves forced to admit the stupendous verity of his leading doctrines, they salve their self-love by the incredible assumption, that his thoughts took form within the chambers of a fertile fancy, and stood transfigured before the eye of reason as a mirage upon the rim of its horizon; while especially persistent assaults are made upon the verity of the process by which he unveiled the spiritual significances of Biblical revelation. The Word to them stands apparelled in no such



heavenly splendour, oracular with no such Infinite Intelligence.

The destructive process goes rapidly on. The Bible once shone as a single sun; the historical telescope resolves it into belts and dots of far-scattered nebulae; it hangs over the past as a fragment of the milky way over the remote ecliptic; and, thus resolved, the explorers are left but to conjecture whether the remote vapour-clouds are unstratified, inorganic masses, or mists in their wide attenuation, or orbs that embosom the creations of love and beauty and intelligence. The historical foundations of Revelation are broken up; the tempests beat; the torrents roll; the earth is shaken; the landmarks are overthrown or submerged: the end has come!

Swedenborg assumed, *à priori*, the unity, integrity, divinity, and interiority of the Christian and Hebrew Scriptures, as was his duty and direction. He made the Bible primary and absolute, and all else subsidiary and secondary. But the venue is now changed; the world demands to know what is in Nature, and what does Nature teach, prove, suggest, and prophesy? The question is not, what doctrines may be eliminated from Scripture, but, what principles, what theories of universal truth, are inscribed in the structures of the cosmos, in the processions of historical events, and in the constitution of man? Let us meet this issue. Let us show that here we have firm ground, flowing water, respirable airs, and a clear sky. Let the Word be what it may, body or spirit; the works of God in their processes are both letter and spirit, not terminated by the limits of visible, material substance, but resting in the bosom of infinite ideas, that expand into peopled and eternal heavens. If, in the beginning,

Scripture was the publication of Natural Religion, let us ascertain what Natural Religion is, and thus become believers in the Scripture that is not for one age or one people, but for all nations and all time.

First, is there a God? We will not argue the question; neither compliment the theist or scandalise the atheist. We would simply say, "Children, you have a Father!" Men of all races, complexions, faiths, look upon each other, know each other, love each other. Ye are brethren, all children of the loving, bounteous Parent. You ask where is He, and what is He? and before launching into such boundless immensities, we choose to respond to the unspoken inquiry, "Who is He?" Dismiss your prejudices either against or in favour of the hypothesis that the historical Jesus was Deity incarnate. Stand erect, for that is reason's attitude; lowly, tender, affectionate, for that is the heart's posture. Stand firm to overcome a doctrine that is beneath your human dignity. Stand sympathetic, open, willing to receive a doctrine that manifestly is noble and exalted and pure and beautiful. Place yourselves, if possible, in the beginnings of history. Neither hold it credible nor incredible that such truth should visit you, yet hold it an open question waiting to be demonstrated.

Who is God? We answer, the Infinite Divine Man, the All-Father and the All-Mother, embraced in one All-wise, All-loving Personality. Can this be proved? and, if so, in what manner? To one who believes in Revelation, there is a sufficient declaration in the fact, and in the contents of Scripture. To one who believes in philosophies of infinity and personality, those philosophies convey an argument that is deemed unanswerable.

To those who have faith in the unseen, the fact and the contents of faith are valid conclusions. But almost all are thoroughly grounded in neither of these.

Where then is the appeal? Simply here; if God exists at all; if God exists as our Father, the Divine Man, wise, loving, mighty, He dwells within all phenomena as the Substance Fact, whose discreted works are the spiritual and physical universe. You do not breathe of yourselves; a vast power beyond your limited individualism gives breath. Do you yearn after that Unknown One? Does the heart, recoiling from orphanage, seek to throw its arms around its Father's neck, and drink in life in the Paternal bosom? Then from that solid basis of yearning love, by the effort of the up-gathered being, seek to press into His presence. If you find vacuity, nothingness, emptiness, there is, I know not what,—death, oblivion, extinction, annihilation. If we are bubbles, let us break and be delivered from the hollowness we are.

If that God Is, whom we declare to you, you will find Him, you will be gathered to His breast. But He, the Infinite, gives all, and we, creature finites, receive all. He will breathe into us while we are gathered there. There is a physical parturition. Brought forth into the bosom of nature, the lungs opened to inhale her airs; the babe becomes the conscious resident of the wonder-teeming world. But All-Father is more than the world; there is a second parturition, and nature lifts us up that His breath may enter us. We then breathe again, respiring in God, and as He gives Himself in the warm, in-flowing life, which imparts to the lungs new motions, we experience the facts of a Supersensual Existence; the Living One demonstrates His direct presence by direct inbreathing force.

We will assume that your heart is moved with tender, springing, struggling affections, all seeking this unknown Divine Man ; that you are honest in the determination to embody in life the purest ideals ; that you earnestly desire, as your own good, the welfare of your fellow-men. You are perhaps wearied with the pursuit of truth in many religions ; sick of the artifices, the conventionalisms, the hollownesses of our social life ; pressed upon with awful questionings of the here and the hereafter ; pining with the hunger of the bosom for living food. Like the woman of Samaria, you stand by the well of truth, and cry, "The water is deep, and there are none to draw." We dare to affirm that One is beside you at the well, who exclaims, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water which I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Or again, you are like one craving for satisfying food, —the husks of literature, the petrifications of science, do not appease the hunger of the soul. There is a great famine in that inner land, the world of the affections in the bosom. Banquets are provided for the taste, the fancy, the reason, the imagination : but the fathers ate of this food and are dead ; yet ye would receive a satisfying substance that shall give life for ever. Here again we declare that One is near, who cries, "I am the bread of life. If any man partake of My substance he shall live for ever." But one says, "This is allegory ; the froth of religious sentimentalism ; the exhalation of pietism grown morbid." We answer, It may be so ; but to the test. The affirmation is, that the living God, even the Divine Man, is both willing to demonstrate who and

what He is, by imparting His own bosom life, descending even into and uplifting the whole respiratory frame, in response to whole-hearted, humble, and reverent seeking of Him.

But a step farther. You have sought and found. You are able to say one thing. I do know that there is a world of plenary life, beyond the realm of the corporeal elements. It descends, baptising the bosom with fires of satisfying love. It inaugurates a new era in physical existence, bringing down the moral into the plane of the sensational. You feel consciously buoyed up and sustained between two atmospheres, one of ether, bearing in its currents the heat and light, the joy and power of nature; the other of spirit, impulsing the wisdom and the love, the soft joy and exquisite rapture, the penetrating force, the vivifying essence of Deity. You have proved that the bounds of material existence end not in vacancy and inanity. God, whom science discovers not in the resolution of its nebulæ, whom criticism finds not in the dissection of its literatures, is not afar off, but very nigh; and you are as conscious of His action, as the sentient earth might be of the existence of ocean when its tides come rolling in upon the shore.

We do not think that there is any other method by which man can absolutely discriminate between the God and the not-god. Let us suppose ourselves in some primeval Eden. The virgin world is around us and the virgin heaven above. Creation glows in the ardour and the luxuriance of an unsullied prime. We awaken to conscious existence without natural parentage. We are the primates of our race. We begin to meditate the problem of our origin. We ask, "Whence came we? To

Whom are we indebted for these exquisite senses, for this opulent frame replete with accordant faculties, and for this bounteous display of visible food for eye and ear, for taste and smell, for will and reason?"

We might behold a being, in majestic manhood, approaching, and our heart might go out toward him; but neither his declaration nor our assent would prove him to be the Father. Why? Simply because it is possible for individuals of the lordliest genius, yet corrupt in will, to assume all garments of beauty, to simulate all tones of tenderness, for purposes of deception and ruin. But suppose that miracles were wrought, what natural mind could discriminate between direct acts of Creative Potency, out of the usual course of nature, and magical operations of a race of infernal but colossal intelligences? The argument from miracle, resolved to its last analysis, breaks like a bubble.

What then is the evidence that God is God? That He should be able to appear objectively to sense and spirit, but also to reveal Himself subjectively from His infinite imminence within; descending, so to speak, from the heights of Being which are above our consciousness, and literally giving Himself to us by the procession of His life into our own, through a Divine respiration; so that we may feel that God, who is our Life, has come; that He dwells within us, and we in Him. We may distrust the conclusions of the natural mind, working on supernatural problems. The evidence, that satisfies the affections in high states of ecstasy, loses its brilliant clearness when we return to the level plane of our habitual life; but when the Divine respirations absolutely inflow, and open their way into the natural lungs, bring-

ing each breath we draw into subjection to the circulations of Divine Love and Wisdom, the breaths of the Divine Man, it is more than as if a Divine Teacher objectively walked the earth ; it is more than as if the apparently dead were resuscitated in our presence ; for the Divine Teacher objectively but represents truth to the understanding, and displays of power to the senses, while subjectively He comes forth, by His sweet pervading airs, from the centre to the circumference of our existence.

Here, pausing, let us notice together some of the interesting facts of natural respiration. The breathing of the child is soft, low, and gentle ; that of the youth impulsive, ardent, impetuous ; that of man in full vigour capacious, deep, and more continuous ; till old age and second childhood, when it declines, and, with those whose days have been spent in the practice of virtue, seems hushed away as in cradle melodies ; and at last, coming imperceptibly, it closes as the sound of the music stealing over tranquil oceans, or through untroubled atmospheres, becoming so imperceptibly fine that the soothed listener is hardly aware of the moment when it is heard no more.

Or, again, we inhale most deeply in the presence of objects of natural delight. We open to take in capacious draughts of the elixir of the morning, the ambrosia distilled in the sweet breath of flowers filling the summer garden with perfume. The lover breathes most fully where the sphere of his fair one dispenses a subtle joy. The kind and faithful husband, returning from the harsh contentions of the outer world to meet the welcoming voice of a pure, devoted wife. And how fully both re-



spire together, caressing the infant pledge of their fond endearments, or watching the sallies and delights of sportive infancy.

Observe, too, the opposites. The lungs, if they must inhale a tainted atmosphere, yet drink it in the scantiest driblets. We hold the breath unconsciously against offensive odours and poisonous inhalations. The lungs contract, the breathing becomes difficult, when we are with our rivals and deadly enemies. The pure woman holds her breath at bay in the presence of libertines, and the chaste man cautiously and sparingly imbibes the atmosphere that harlots breathe.

Notice further, when we have resolved on deeds that may affect the life or fortunes, the decision is accompanied with full, long-drawn inhalations and expirations, as if we were bracing ourselves up in the collective might of the powers of the air. And again, when great deeds are to be done, we inhale fully, and then strike the blow. Gluttons and drunkards breathe stertorously, but the respiration of the temperate man is also temperate and chaste. The scholar breathes in a calm equilibrium, which is favourable to the processes of thought. Men of the artistic type breathe variedly, the respirations noting, as with the index on a dial, the moods of rapture, of doubt, the birth-throes that attend the evolution of their works, the triumphs of a rich and exquisite performance. The artisan is graduated in his respirations upon a lower scale, the boor upon a scale still lower. One thinks of the breathings of oxen and horses among farm labourers, and of the breath of swine among those of degraded and stupid characters. The fisherman breathes dreamily, quietly given up to the soothing influences of



the angle; the hunter with live elasticity and bounding freedom.

Observe again : the breaths of a mob, moved by violent passions, are themselves a horde of violent respirations, whirlpools in air, gathering to a tornado, and exploding. Let a dominant mind, mighty with a magnetic oratory, succeed in calming them, and their breaths subside in long, uniform swells, like ocean after a storm. Men control their breaths in controlling their passions. The child vents his rages in little stormy gusts. The dangerous men, infernal or celestial heroes, breathe as they move with a still force, the winds are gathered up as in the hollow of the hand. In those caves of Æolus, the human breast, the sleeping aerial powers are evoked by whatever mightily appeals to interest, cupidity, generosity, hope, love, or imagination. Men listen with expanded bosoms when their favourite object of desire flames forth in stately speech, or reaches them in the might and majesty of the singer's voice or the orchestral accompaniment. But wherever thought rises, or love ascends, or hope mounts above mere natural thoughts into a purely spiritual realm, the thinker, the listener pass through corresponding rises of respiration, growing finer, losing volume, till at length, in the very climax, the charmed audience sit with respiration arrested, or the solitary thinker for the moment is suspended in the unbreathing calm. So again the ecstasist in the highest reveries of religious feeling almost loses connection with the natural air, and prayer, in its final intensity, is accompanied with breathlessness.

It is to be observed that, as the mind leaves the province of natural things, the respirations grow feeble,

sharpen themselves away, and are lost; utter despair hardly breathes, and utter faith in the supreme hour of its transfiguration is equally at its breathing's end. In the first shock of great sorrow, we fall back, and the lungs lose their hold upon the atmosphere in a temporary paralysis. But in the equal shock of a sudden joy, too great for the heart to hold, the processions of the breath stand still. As a rule, in the degree in which we immerse ourselves in corporeal nature, the mere natural respiration is ampler and more vigorous, while going out of nature is going out of breath. Abnormal mystics in their trances retain but a flutter of air. Men gasp for breath in painful dyings, and clutch as with the hand of the lungs at the receding columns of the terrestrial auras. But where, with favourable physical circumstances, those depart who are ready or willing to lay aside mortality, depth upon depth is sounded, mysterious vibrations, hints of a gentle loosening of the spirit from the flesh, and at last a going out of respiration from the nostrils, as if the spirit slid out of its ethereal garment, that it might sink, unclothed, into the bosom of its God.

The higher, the new, the Divine respiration, is totally different; or rather, retaining all that is of the lower as its base and fulcrum, it builds upon and employs it for its service. The good man, possessing mere natural respiration, seeks God in prayer; but when he rises to heights of communion where language is drawn up to thought, then thought stilled in the quietude of love, there is hardly a breath in the body. He comes down from his altitude, from lack of lungs in which to breathe. The step beyond is respiration's end, and the exit of the spirit from the abandoned frame.

With the new respiration which God gives, it is diametrically the reverse. Highest prayer is attended, not with breathlessness, but with breathfulness; and the nearer we attain the august Object of our worship, in the disinterested fulness of our love, the more copious becomes the river of that diviner atmosphere, that, pulsing through the spirit, expands and invigorates the breast.

There is, in every act of true worship, a wedding in the breast, the heavenly sliding down into the bosom of the earthly atmosphere, and impregnating it with its own eternal qualities. This is the great point of distinction, but the point is the centre of a universal circle.

Again, a man has no clue in his natural respiration, either as to the truth or the falsity of the conclusions of his reason in spiritual things. Channing, in his rejection of the doctrine of vicarious atonement; Stewart, in his urgent defence of it; the elder Beecher, in his vast argument against Unitarianism; Orville Dewey, in his learned, laboured defence and justification of the same distinctive faith; Emmons, in his argument for stern hyper-Calvinism; Dempster or Owen, in equally striking and withering denunciations of the dogmas of unconditional election and reprobation, all breathe alike, finding nothing in their respirations, either of pleasure in the approach of pure truth, or of pain in the proximity of error.

On the other hand, the respirations, as a rule, are in the channel of delights, and hence Ballou breathed best in arguing that the fact of physical death cleansed the departing spirit of every taint of impurity, and Edwards respired most deeply when he pictured earth as a material bubble, spun over the fire and sulphur of an everlasting hell. We cannot wrest from natural respiration any element,

that, cast into the retort where doctrines fuse and boil over the white heat of reason, shall, by their chemical affinities, absorb and crystallise the truth, while they cast out the error. We cannot, through natural respiration, import any element into the brain which shall disenchant us of our worship of a chimera, or disabuse us of prejudices against its opposite refulgent verity. It works blindly as the axe of the executioner ; it falls to-day upon the basest of criminals, and to-morrow upon the whitest of martyrs. If you load it with the fumes of arsenic, it declares the presence of an enemy ; but whole battalions of the infernal simulations and deceits may deploy their forces in the midst of it, and it makes no protest against their presence, no revelation of their malignity. If the rose breathes, it thrills to the delight of its sweetness ; but if the fragrance of the divine elysium of holy thoughts that make glad immortals enriches its vacancy, it gives no sign of pleasure at the gift. It makes no revelation of its tender purity, it serves all alike, equally open, equally reticent concerning all. It is declarative invariably of physical, but not of hyper-physical qualities.

In the new respiration, God gives an atmosphere that is as sensitive to moral quality as the physical is to natural quality ; the God-pervaded air, for carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and ozone, supplies Divine love, Divine wisdom, Divine potency, myriiform elements, radiant with every truth, ardent and odorous with every pure affection, and sensitive to the approach, the ingression of the base falsity, the depraved lust, as the quickened conscience is sensible of the stings of evil. This living atmosphere, as distinguished from nature's dead atmosphere, is by its very presence a perpetual witness, descending to baptize

the whole frame more fully in the ratio of self-abnegation and self-surrender; rising to the intellect to fill it with light as we approach the truth, and rushing with germinant forces through all the channels of the circulations, while we open ourselves to become filled with purity.

Again, natural respiration, true to itself, ignores moral distinctions; but spiritual respiration recognises all. Natural ethers are destructive or conservative of life as the tissues of the organism are healthful or diseased; they eat and corrode, they nourish and preserve, independently of the fidelity of the conscience, or the purity of the affections. The sweet bride may die, while the meretricious woman of the world lives on; and genius perish, winged for its high career, while imbecility and brutality renew for long days their vigour.

But the higher breath, whose essence is virtue, builds up the bodies of the virtuous, wars against disease, expels the virus of hereditary maladies, renews health from its foundations, stands in the body as a sentinel against every plague. It is the friend of all friendly natures, a father in protecting care, a mother in fostering and sheltering sweetness, and mightier as the protector of the system than a legion of armed men. It restrains the impetuosity of an excessive zeal; it overcomes the inertia of constitutional indolence. It retards the hasty, premature flowerings and fruitings of the intellect, which exhaust the organism, but matures all noble growths, at once preventing excess and removing sterility. It is the great regulative power.

Again, natural respiration knots and gathers up the race in clans and parties. There is a perpetually recurring tendency in families to discrete themselves from the

interests of humanity. The same thing is true of sects, which are families in Religion, and of parties, which are families in the State. In the finer air these breaths form a vortex, rushing into the lungs, and in their ascent to the brain begetting infatuations, not always amenable to reason, not always to be exorcised by virtue. Where mere natural respiration exists, social harmony is impossible, and in the highest sense there is no Church and no State. Men are drawn together upon their lower corporeal levels; they fly apart upon the higher grounds of spirituality.

Directly opposite, the breaths of the Divine Spirit, as they pervade and encompass the frame, lift the being from the slough and mire of the mere corporeal affinities and relations. As in the mind they separate the fatuities from the verities, as in the heart they desintegrate the lusts from the affections, and as in the body they cast out the diseases from the healths and sanities, so they sift and winnow the world, breaking up the magical relations that, Mezentius-like, condemn the living to the embraces of the dead. The Family rises reconstructed by the attraction and the consent of generic types of men. The Church appears in glory, holding in its embrace the human myriads whom one divine breath fills, animates, and unitises. While in the State, the true order of society knits itself together in the universal relations of a unitised and inspired humanity.

In an era of mere natural respiration, men jostle, impede, and destroy each other in the pursuits of life. The business of existence is conducted at a wasteful cost. Colonies perish on unfriendly and malarious shores; fertile and salubrious regions become deserts with the horrors of war, or are made the miserable abodes of

barbarians. In other regions, great cities swallow up the life of myriads who unwholesomely exist and perish like infusoria in ulcers. Others must be the slaves of predatory chiefs, of civilized taskmasters, of the oppressors and maladministrators of industry. Competition is the universal law, instead of friendly co-operation.

Otherwise with spiritual respiration. When it descends and takes possession of the frame, it consummates the adoption of the just man as the child of the Infinite Parent, and affiliates him to the universal brotherhood. There is henceforth a guiding power, a positive inspiration, which selects his calling, which trains him for it, which leads him to favourable localities, and which co-ordinates affairs upon a large scale. It deals with groups as with individuals; it redistributes mankind; it reorganises the village, the town, the workshop, the manufactory, the agricultural district, the pastoral region; gathering human atoms from their degradation, and crystallizing them in resplendent unities.

Moreover, natural respiration serves the ends of power, irrespective of virtue. Human colossi, giants of ponderous intellectual might, sun-like in the light and radiation of the intellect, wielding more than Thor's hammer in the downright strength of the inflexible personality, exact tribute of all the circulations of the atmospheres, and are served by the genii of their powers, whether they are builders or destroyers,—the uplifters or degraders of mankind.

Otherwise, when respiration is from the great Head and Fountain of existence, the breaths that do His will concentrate their forces on the natures organized by genius for a composite service, and consecrated to it by



absolute self-abnegation. Given Cromwell, he is a hundred-fold the Protector of the Commonwealth ; given Washington, he is a hundred-fold the father of his country. Whatever be the function of the man, he becomes an embattled host within himself ; out of weakness he is made strong, and puts to flight the armies of the aliens. Man, whose breath is in his nostrils, is as the flower of the field, to-day brilliant in the summer sunshine, to-morrow withered in the autumn blight. He labours, and an unknown race enter into his inheritance. He is the architect of an abortive fortune, gathering possessions from the universal waste and anarchy of man. Others rise to scatter his increase ; the fortunes of individuals, of families, and of nations are houses built upon the sand ; they fall, they are swallowed up in ruin. In the divine respiration all is different. Men, families, peoples, who breathe in God, by Him labour, endure, achieve, obtain prosperity, diffuse the riches of art, letters, religion, and civilization. They execute as He plans, and their work is permanent on the foundations of His decree.

We have proposed an ordeal that not one reader in a thousand may have the faith, the courage, the steadfastness, triumphantly to pass. Of these books there are five classes of readers. The first peruse from the love of intellectual novelty, which makes them omnivorous devourers of literature. They are like those consumptive persons with enormous appetites, whose systems are incapable of assimilating the food which they receive.

A second class peruse them in the luxury of religious sentimentalism. European princesses read and grieved over the suffering of the slave depicted in "Uncle Tom's



Cabin," and shed luxurious tears, while they and theirs were remorselessly grinding down the poor of their own land, without pity and without remorse. So while the debased moral nature may oppress the virtuous principles of the heart, the eyes may be suffused over the pages of a religious treatise, and the soul dissolved in a luxury of unreal penitence.

A third class will read merely for the purposes of dishonest appropriation, stealing ideas under the influence of their familiars, in order to reproduce them as their own.

A fourth class will read honestly, so far as they go, to ground themselves in the higher Christian doctrine, but will feel themselves incapable of realizing the blessings which they are designed instrumentally to bestow.

A fifth class will take them to the heart, and, with an eye single to the glory of God and the elevation of man, will seek to realize in themselves a present Heaven.

There are also five classes among those who will be moved to seek open respiration through their influence. First, abnormal pietists and devotees of the St. Theresa type, men and women of a diseased religious imagination, seeking thereby at once a spiritual soothing and exhilaration. They would make the Lord's breast a dram shop, and resort to it for the purposes of spiritual intoxication.

A second class are parasites, individuals who live upon the sympathy which they extract from others, evaders of the great responsibilities, shufflers and shirks of duty, seeking to find in their vain-glorious imbecility the fountains of life from which to appropriate. They would make the Lord's breath a sponge, and live upon it in an indolent absorption.

The third class will be drawn from that large body in

the world, who, without having been faithful in a few things, are always asking to be made lords over many. They will seek it, blinding themselves to their real desires, which are to enlarge their self-importance, to puff and dilate, as the frogs in the parable, who sought to become oxen.

A fourth class will seek it under a mistaken sense of their advanced conditions in the regenerate life. Unconscious Pharisees of doctrine, far astray from the simplicity of little children ; such will desire to possess it as a superb decoration, a visible crown and emblem of righteousness.

A fifth class will crave it with the poor publican, who dared not so much as to lift up his eyes to Heaven, but smote upon his breast, crying " God be merciful to me a sinner." Possessed of a mortal horror and hatred of all shams, subterfuges, sentimentalisms, exclusive professions, and bigotries ; lowly, meek, humble, charitable, self-deprecating ; hard workers, doing whatever is given them with a whole-souled earnestness ; simple livers, believing that the great object of life is the up-building of sobriety and thrift and economy and industry into human institutions ; persons with a continuity of purpose, like the long roll of the ocean, or the persistence of the stars ; indomitable men and women, who know not what it is to be appalled, disheartened, and overcome by difficulties ; such, and their final number is myriads of myriads, will find in God's breath their paradise, and in His everlasting arms their home.

There are five classes of persons who will enter into the first beginnings of the new respiration, but who are liable especially to fail of its fulness and its reward. First,

those who possess a certain organic capacity for taking in that Divine life which has already descended into and flows through open organizations; those who possess a certain goodishness on the surfaces of character, but who are neither fixed nor deep. They perhaps may pass as far as the epidermis or scarf skin. When it begins, a certain pleasure will be experienced, and so long as there are no sensations but such as are pleasureable it will be desired. These *fainéant*, sluggish souls, made, as it were, of lymph and not of spirit; these adipose, moral natures, when they find that every step requires struggle, sacrifice, humiliation, and a brave, religious heroism, as of a soldier storming a fortress in the forlorn hope, or a rider, sword in hand, charging up to the cannon's mouth and conquering by an absolute fearlessness, will gladly hide themselves again in corporeal substance. These represent a large though not a permanent group.

Such should be dealt with tenderly and gently. Many will seek respiration, from an ignorance of what its real requirements are, and they will receive a most attenuated dilution of a moral influx, for the purpose of bringing to light their inefficiency and incapacity. In some instances it will work for good, bringing them, by a long series of experiences out of their faint-heartedness and self-appreciation. They will shed, as it were, the snake-skin of character, and be found with a better interior personality. It is well to remember that, though to the eyes of a man or an angel their cure may seem impossible, our loving Father has means in His medicinal stores that we know not of. We should draw the mantle of charity over their failings, bear with their illusions, and even misrepresentations, and labour earnestly for their salvation.

A second class are the mediumistic, the defences of whose organisms have been broken down by tampering with the grave matters of a spiritual life.

“How whole of heart, how sound of head,  
With what Divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.”

So Tennyson most truly sings. Natures spring up, rooted in the filth of a corrupt civilization, inheriting organically the crimes of centuries, holding suspended within the natural frame the diseases and the depravities of generations ; and yet not without a certain nobility and generosity of sentiment, which prompts them to a chivalrous disregard of custom and prejudice, a loving appreciation and reception of what promises to be an outlet into higher ranges of existence.

They are like Mary Magdalen, who was possessed of devils, and yet who sought the Lord. The seven provinces of the natural soul and frame are invaded by as many gross and infamous spheres of sorceries and debaucheries ; yet far within is a little centre of personality, as the smallest of all germs, turning its infant features to the Sun and Source of all our bliss ; a spark of truth, burning in the wide chaos of darkness and insanity ; an inmost chord in the soul-harp, vibrating to a divine pressure, while storms of discord make a jangling on every other string. God loves these, loves them far more, in a sense, than those who have every other chord regulated to a grand and rhythmic unison from without, and yet who are lacking in that inmost sensibility and susceptibility. They are as the harlots, who yet enter into the kingdom before the Pharisees.

It will be long before the Divine respiration can educe order from their chaos, rationality from their hallucination, purity and sweetness from their corruption and decay. They will tax the patience of the most patient, and the faith of the most enduring and unwavering; and for long successions of epochs, the insanities will seek new vent, the malady put on as many forms as those of Proteus. But O thou who hast to deal with such, remember, that with Him we serve, all things are possible: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment unto truth." These represent a group, both numerous and permanent for ages.

A third class are the morbidly and otherwise incurably diseased in mind. We find those in life who touch us deeply by a certain fidelity and zealousness of affection, but who are so sore in what may be called the natural organ of self-love, so sensitive as regards the evils of the personality, so possessed of the spirit of self-justification, so incapable of an impartial criticism of themselves, so petulant, wilful, and acrid in their humours, so exacting of sympathy, so wayward and erratic, so indisposed to the requirements of order, that they are an agony to the tender heart which clasps them to itself. Their hearts conceal jealousies, and their minds breed suspicions. They are eaten by a carking care. They are of the class who lose the bloom of youth in a maze of physical diseases, who wear often a loveliness in the eyes of partial friendship, that is but rarely visible to those who encounter them in the discomforts and disquietudes of home.

The surfaces of the nerves, both moral and physical,

are abraded. Like that woman who had had an issue of blood, and who had suffered many things of many physicians, they seek to touch the hem of the Divine Master, that they may be healed. We are to bear in mind, that "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." It is the glory of this new kingdom, that it takes the rejected, that it gathers in, out of the highways and by-ways, the forlorn outcasts of the heart.

The march of respiration is exceeding slow with these, for the tender God waits upon them, accommodating His steps to their slow gait, their imperfect and almost imperceptible motions. Let them be borne with as the mother bears with her rickety and epileptic babe. This class represents, especially among women, an extensive group, and is also, during these ages, one that we have always with us.

A fourth class may be styled the impulsive—generous, quick to take impressions, of whom we expect great things, and suffer cruel disappointments; those who are subject to great and unexpected revulsions, the gracious plants of whose affections often blossom at the first sunbeams of capricious March, but whose climate is so uncertain, that frosts may come at Midsummer. They call out great sympathies by a large instinctive receptivity, but are not to be depended on, having little self-poise, little capacity for equilibrium. They grow by starts, fitfully, and if they rise where the stronger attain but painfully and slowly, they are also liable to fall where the weaker maintain their ground. They are impatient for quick results, forgetting that time is an element in the Divine processes. They are apt zealously to assume burdens of which they weary before the Divine hour for their

removal has come, and to pine for sympathies which belong rather to perfect states than to incipient conditions.

Judgment must be acquired, balance won, energy wed to patience, and hope to perseverance. The quick heart, whose circuits are those of the day, must learn to time its motions by the pulse beats of the centuries. This is rather a small group, but will largely increase.

A subdivision of this class may be styled the oppressively and overbearingly impulsive and generous. Plants of a luxurious soil, thick bodied, juicy, rank, casting broad shade, bearing a positive, astringent, natural fruit, requiring to be cut down and grafted; those of a tough endurance in the world, executive, prompt, impatient of contradiction, arbitrary, capricious, sometimes grasping, disposed to seize power, earnest, measuring great distances with the eye, but apt to forget that, until regeneration is complete, man cannot swoop to an eyrie like the eagle, but must plod with painful step. Quick and impetuous in feeling, prone to violent expression, to hope unduly, to despond darkly and causelessly, to give liberally, to scatter improvidently, to assume position, to display the divine grace with ostentation. This is one of the best of types when re-wrought, but one of the most dangerous in the beginning; it is numerous and lasting.

A fifth class are like the image described in the book of Daniel, with a golden head of celestial aptitude and originality; a silver breast and arms of spiritual discrimination and receptivity; the brazen loins of a natural vigour and generation; the iron limbs of a vital straightforwardness, exactness, and steadfastness; the iron-clay feet of an inchoate and half abortive decision, rendering the whole man liable to fall.



Or again, they are like a castellated tower. There is the summit, reaching high above all natural eminence, furnished with a sky-dome, revealing the march of the celestial constellations, windows for the sun and moon, for the auroral lights, for the burning pomps of morning, and the delicious beauty and softness of the day's decline. There is the high pavilion of mid-heaven pleasures, where the thoughts that climb from earth stand, awaiting wings of translation.

Below this, and still uplifted, is the huge temple of spiritual knowledge and ambition. The breast of the house is there, visited by the four winds of every doctrine from the whole earth. The home is there, with the cultured natures of every historical inspiration, here inscribed with the letters of the Alcoran, there grand and solemn with the huge images of the Shaster, and again made holy and mysterious by the tabernacle and the veils and the winged cherubs of the Pentateuch. The stately emporium of the religious ideas from all time is there, and in their midst, as the heroes and the graces among the demi-gods, the processions of art and poesy, of the sciences and the philosophies.

Still lower, in the fertile equators and tropics of the frame, are the domestic habitudes, the social loves, the delights of nature and of sense; the spirits of the blood and of the white lymph that ultimate a third world, which bears the fruits of all that is above. Here opens a huge department resonant to all sweet music, fragrant with eternal perfumes, enriched with viands for the lasting banquet, revealing courts for the dance and song, suggesting cool and shadowed chambers of repose. Still below are massive structures upon another storey; the



work of the Titans, resounding from day to night with lusty hammer strokes of Vulcan or of Thor, the workshops of the life's deeds ; and thus far well. All this stands high in air, but as the iron shafts strike down, they terminate, here in bituminous slime that smokes from a consuming internal fire, there in amorphous clay, dinted by every rain drop, and crumbling alike from the touch of frost and the dart of sun ; a foundation running up from the midst of pumice and ashes. Its whole human pedestal, in fine, a burning mountain, that conceals lava within its nostrils, and is pregnant with earthquakes.

So stand the best, the highest, the broadest of men. And still, while the sky dome rises higher into the heights, and the breast palace enlarges into the breadths, and the middle galleries take into themselves the fulnesses that are in the lengths of nature, and grow pregnant with their powers, and while the cyclopean chambers below accrete and give out the solid force that is in the depths of the forces of the earth, and the man colossus stands flaming abroad upon the world, the clay foundation bends beneath the superincumbent burden : a touch, and it is overthrown. It stands upon the shaking mountain, it stands over its abysmal cone,—that mountain the unsubdued evil, that cone the reservoir of all-devouring self, which burns to lowest hell.

Respiration, to minds who possess, in germ or in expansion, such high endowment, is as terrible as crucifixion ; for it involves the taking down of the great edifice, stone by stone, the utter resolution of it to primitive constituents. What shall we say ? First, the filling up of that crater, the subjugation of those fires, the quenching of those burning soils, the conquest of those subter-

raean passages, where the lava and the earthquake hide away ; until the whole burning mountain becomes a solid disc and ponderous iron wheel, set upon the mouth of hell, and sealed over it by the Divine decree.

When respiration comes, such minds are placed in the very whirlpool of temptations. As the ancients fabled that it was death for a mortal to see a god, so it is death, either most cruel and fatal or most sublime and consummate, for the man of genius, of culture, of affection, of attainment and a recognised position, to embrace the breath of God.

To change the figure,—though Moses were cultured in all the learning of Egypt and adopted into the royalties about its throne, he must stand forth as a Hebrew to the Hebrews, and go down from the very brow of power to share the lot of those who writhe beneath its heel. Yet when a certain point is reached in the cycle of experience, and the breath flutters, now drawn up into the space above its natural heaven, and then heavily drooping toward the dust and night, there is but one of two alternatives, and either requires an act of awful daring, while the responsibility can be shared by none. Either the breath of God must be taken with all its consequences, or thrust back with all its consequences. With such we can well sympathise.

It is easy for one who is a cripple and a leper, and even almost an imbecile, for one who has but a cloud of personality instead of a star, for one who in place of costly purple wears the beggar's tattered gabardine, whose very obscurity opposes an impervious veil to criticism,—easy for such, who have so little to give, so much to receive, to seize a promise that opens health and vigour,

harmony and proportion, solace and enrichment, beautiful time and glorified eternity.

The little twig is easily uprooted ; it is the generous tree, with tens of thousands of interlacing root-fibres, that must shudder, removed from the endeared, familiar soil ; must bleed from all those wounds ; must ache in all those famines, when its crown of blossoms is brought low, and its untimely fruit is shaken by these mighty winds, and the knife of the pruner is applied where the branch was most luxuriant. Is it not terrible ? is there not a Gethsemane, and a bloody sweat, and a prayer, " If it be possible, let this cup pass from me " ? The Lord can do without such natures ; but the question is, can they do without Him ? Yet such will come ; and, if few as the far stars that come in sight once in a century, they will regild their faded beams from the very Spirit of the morning, and shine for ever.

" Behold," saith the Spirit, " I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." To break bread is the rite and symbol of all human fellowship. It also is the symbol of the Divine human, the fellowship of God with man. We sit at a friend's board, and we receive the bread which, earned by his toil, is really an extension of himself. In eating with him, therefore, we eat as it were of him ; so much of his plenary fulness supplies so much of our supposed necessity. Dear Lord, Thou dost give Thyself, descending into us by Thy most holy breath. Thy discreted substance is given that we may live thereby ; for Thy flesh is meat indeed, and Thy blood is drink indeed. Lord, evermore give us this bread. All-Father, All-Mother, receive us

in the Infinite Bosom. We pine to share the embraces that re-create, as we have received the qualities that create us. Thou Divine Man, to whom shall we come but unto Thee? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life.

There are five classes to whom respiration will come with power, advance with vigour, and be consummated with comparative certainty. The first are those in the Churches who mistrust, and at heart reject, the doctrine that there is any malignity in the Divine Nature. Nineteenths at least of all the devotees in Christendom cherish the conception of a malignant Deity, cruel, partial, intolerant, and revengeful. The nominal Christian succeeds the Jew in his belief that God selects, by arbitrary election, a people who are to share exclusively His bounty. With cold-blooded complacency, men contemplate, as a matter of course, the damnation of their neighbours, of the disciples of other creeds, and of the Gentile world. It is not the Calvinist's Jehovah, nor the Pantheist's Impersonal Abstraction, whom we are to approach and seek, but the Divine Man. Those who are prepared, by the rejection of a Divine Tyrant, and by the intense affection for a Divine Friend, who fills, yet infinitely transcends, earth's fairest ideals of purity, truth, and love; those who hunger for the Father, and can take in the conception of a Divine Humanity, may easily in course of time breathe with Him.

A second class are those whose hearts, in whatever creed they are, have outgrown its theology; who believe more than they know; who love more than they can express; who, without ability to evolve a divine faith, possess the immense force of a concentrated affection.

They will be lifted up as into the Divine bosom, almost without a knowledge of their change, and rise in thought above the mists of error when the sun has risen over the hill-tops of the heart.

A third class are exact and patient thinkers, open to a supersensual range of subjects. In the processes of meditation, step by step, they thread the labyrinth of theology, and emerge from it where the clear, glorious light of the Divine Man shines in upon the understanding. They perceive, ideally and theoretically, that what is here written must, in the very constitution of things, be true. The brain, struggling upward into the supernal heights of truth, lifted secretly by a consonant and rectified will, raises, as it were, the lungs after it. As with the former class knowledge follows experience, so with these it precedes experience ; they journey to the rising, because they know there is a sun.

A fourth class, different from the others, are born under the opened heaven, and will respire with a modified breath of Divinity from the moment of birth ; and a fifth will not alone be born into the higher respiration, but be conceived in the breath, through the conjugal embraces of counterparts in whom the organism has been rectified of evils, and who are wholly chaste from the first principles of the will to the extreme instincts of the sense.

It is only incumbent that the recipient shall believe according to his light. Yet truth, absolute truth, as far as the capacities are unfolded, must be welcomed, adopted, and embodied. We return now to the question, Who and what is God ? When respiration is opened, the Hebrew, the Parsee, the Theist, the Christian

believer may know for themselves that the Divine Man is identical with our Lord Jesus Christ ; for as they ask that He will reveal His hidden name, each will discover that, if he thinks that Jesus is not the Lord, his frame will chill, and the bosom be oppressed with an intolerable load ; will feel, in a word, that death is rushing in to take possession of him. When the thought is reversed, and the words rise to the lips, "Jesus is that God," the tides of the Divine Spirit will roll as never before, uplifting, illuminating, strengthening, and giving peace. This then stands for ever as the corner-stone of New-time Theology, God incarnate, the Word made flesh. Here the two heavens of history and consciousness, the two records of Creation and Revelation are seen as no more twain but one. All revealed religion is natural, and all natural religion revealed.

Yet, bear in mind, it is not one of the three infinities of a veiled Polytheism ; not the second person of an Athanasian creed, made known as interposing the shield of an Infinite pity against an Infinite wrath. It is the Almighty Love in union with the All-conscious Wisdom ; it is the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the Almighty. His voice went forth, while yet Incarnate, piercing the bosom of the ages with the prophecy, "If I go, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself." He receded into the bosom of mystery, and from that mystery the soft, sweet breathings of His spirit, inflowing into and blending with the respirations of His children, declare the promise verified, the prophecy fulfilled. Many will say, like Thomas, feeling the solid pressure of His substance, "My Lord and my God." Many, through the opened heavens of the spirit, will

behold Him coming in power and in great glory. "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

The introduction of so august an era as that which with open respiration is led forth into the world, must inevitably be attended with personal struggle, and followed by radical changes and upliftings in all relations; as will be seen. It is not attended with the elevation of one sect above another, nor does it organize a new sect to shatter and decompose the old. The war of polemics may be considered, so far as the disciples of a new order are concerned, at its end. And here must be noticed a distinguishing peculiarity.

It is impossible for the Lord's breath to incorporate itself wholly and vitally with the human constitution, except through perfect peace. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Our Lord, arraigned before the unjust judge, answered not a word. The world little suspects how deep a philosophy is involved in this. Every sect of Christendom goes forth as did the disciples of Islam, bearing the sword of controversy unsheathed in its right hand; but this kingdom shall not be by violence; no need of argument when it carries demonstration. "He that doeth the will of our heavenly Father, shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan the work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

Have not good men controverted? Yes; and lawfully, in ages of closed respiration. So good men sacrificed sheep and oxen in burnt sacrifices, typifying a Gift



and Sacrifice to come. But if we would bear forth the living breath of the Prince of Peace, we must follow in His steps. He opened Himself that the Divine life might flow through His humanity. His argument was a prayer; His syllogism a benevolence. This is of itself a demonstration of indwelling God with men, that a people rise who simply increase by the opening of the bosoms of their brethren to inhale the breaths of the infinite beatitudes. But some may ask, "How meet the criticisms of ecclesiasts and literati?" By growth, as flowers grow; by song, as birds sing; by exhalations of the life of Deity. Men are building a tower, and critics gather, one faulting the materials, another the plan and mode of construction. Why stop building to discuss the chemical affinities of lime and sand, the toughness of iron, the compactness and durability of granite? The pyramids are their own fact.

When the cathedral is finished, let the critic stand amidst its clustered pillars, beneath the enduring roof, where the light of the lofty oriel flames upon him; let him stand where piety and devotion arch broad wings of sculptures. But thou, O workman of God, build in thy place, that thy work may be finished with thy day. There is not time for polemical debate. When God's breath begins in a man, he becomes a daysman; his work is given him to do, and in that work controversy has no part. It may have been man's method, but it is not our Lord's. The work, when finished, justifies itself.

Inapplicable knowledge is a cumbrous load. Only the knowledge that subserves the ends of life becomes a working power. In the light of this axiom the doctrine of education requires revision. To become a perfectly



educated man, in the modern sense, the memory must be loaded with mountains of technicalities, the brain is emptied of its juices in their acquisition, and exhausted in the effort at retention. The Lord is the Infinite Educator, and when respiration is opened the university of a true culture receives us. "Know thyself," was inscribed over the door of the ancient philosopher. "Know thyself," is inscribed by the Divine Hand above the portals of the mind. The methods of the Divine *cultus* are varied with every individual ; the first stages of the process being the training of the moral nature in waiting upon the Divine will.

The true life is one of hearty, willing, uniform obedience, and it is only through that obedience that liberty and genuine rationality can be unfolded. Many, who abstractly receive the theory that human perfection depends upon an absolute regard to the dictates of the Supreme Will and Wisdom, shrink from the application of the doctrine to themselves. Through the abuses of ecclesiastical and political government, the noble sentiment of loyalty has withered from the breast. Obligated to become protestants, radicals, democrats, spiritually and socially, from a stern regard for the preservation of our inalienable rights, the freedom of conscience, the integrity of reason, the harmony of the affections, it is difficult for men at first to recognise truths of equal sacredness ; hierarchy, subordination, superiority, class and rank and grade.

The question is asked, Why, if the bosom of Infinite Truth is opened to each and all, should not all have access without a priesthood to the boundless arcana of the universe? Why should one man expound doctrines, and

another be necessitated to receive them at his hands? The answer is simple and clear. The boundless variety of uses to be performed, requires a corresponding dissimilarity of gifts and specialty of functions. No office is of mere human election. All stand as servants before the Lord. He gives to each the round of duties by which the universal ends of righteousness and truth may best be accomplished.

The common conception of Divine illumination is, that it prepares the mind for the reception of a cosmopolite intelligence. This is true, but it requires this qualification, that, while it is the use of a sacerdotal genius, specifically and adequately trained, to embody divine knowledge in concrete expressions, minds in general are prepared, by the same Providence, to read what is thus brought down, with internal demonstrations sealing its truths. In the present condition of the world, the danger is not that the outpourings of heavenly doctrines and illustrations will be too limited, but that the rich fruit which they are designed to ultimate will not be ripened, through lack of heroic application.

Another common thought is, that illumination is designed to initiate men into some priestly office; in a word, to train them for pulpit oratory, to organize a vast propaganda. Here a core of truth is found embedded in a matrix of illusion. It is designed to initiate men into a sacerdotal state, compared to which prelacies and papacies are but theatrical. But how? By initiating them into a ministry of strenuous labour; by making them, as the rule, producers of wealth rather than consumers. It is to make of every manufactory the holiest cathedral; to stamp the signet of divinity on common life.

The youthful convert is fond of hoping that he may have a call to preach; but in this new kingdom that never comes, except through a call to practice. The stately industries of the future are in travail to be born. It is the hand that is to be trained, and the eye cultured, and the organism made one harmony. Preaching, fasts, ceremonial rites, august pageants, rose into their conspicuous position to meet the wants of a barbaric age. They were designed to stimulate the fancy, to kindle the imagination, to subdue the passions, to awe the brutalities, to unveil a futurity which the mind, depressed into corporeality, saw at best but dimly, and as in a dream. But when men dwell, bodily, encompassed by the processions of the living breaths of God, when they wake with morning from His bosom, and sink with night into its awful privacies, the mere natural use of the rite, the pageant, is over. If religious ministrations continue, they manifestly must be more vital, more awful, requiring not alone memorised knowledges and kindly sentiments. Of this more in another place.

Again, it is a common thought that respiration from the Lord will establish a class of Theosophists and illuminati, that a select circle will arise devoted to the abstract themes of wisdom; that reverie will increase, and abstraction, and passive contemplation. It is true that knowledge, which now hangs like a cloud in the air, will then shine as in the moving constellations; but no knowledge, except that which is fruitful, will be permitted to exist. Day dreaming receives its quietus. The distinction between the man of thought and the man of action, the man of brain and the man of muscle, is destroyed; and, so far from the stream of emigration tending from the

marts of labour to the cloisters of the university, the school will open into the workshop, and the palace be found but through the pursuits of industry.

The prejudice against manual labour is, that it coarsens the nerve, deadens the taste, and abolishes the higher splendours of the brain. This to an extent is true, as regards labour conducted under the auspices of natural respiration. But use makes the angel! If the carpenter labours with the divine precision in his eye and the divine cunning in his hand, who dare presume to say that the harmony and delicacy of the frame are impaired? Exceptional men, even now, combine ultimate toil with refinement and a superior intelligence; but the divine respiration will make such exceptions universal. The mechanical nature will become like the serviceable mountain-ridge; its rude grandeur beautified with flowers, its veins opulent with unsunned gold, and its summit glorified with all that walks abroad in the refulgence of the heavens. Breath-labour will become a divine exercise in due time, and every stroke be accompanied with as rich a thrill as follows now the touch of the organ. But ease, joy, exhilaration, are not the questions for noble men to consider. The problem before the new man is the redemption of the race. The joy of God is the re-creation of humanity.

We have found our dear home,—the bosom of the Father. We are encircled by the Everlasting Arms. The thought of life is divested of its painful mystery, and death is swallowed up in the fulness of a present immortality. It is subjectively a re-admission into Eden. We are to labour that the harmonies of that nascent paradise may attain, within us and around us, to their perfect

bloom, their consummate fruition. The problem of the Socialist is, redemption from tyrannous material conditions; that of the ascetic devotee, individual salvation from the horrors of eternal pain; that of the man of æsthetic culture, the attainment of individual symmetry and beauty, irrespective of the condition of the race.

Each, doubtless, sees one aspect of a truth, which all fail to grasp in its unity and completeness. The man of the new life finds them all included in the plans of Providence. The iron ring of social exaction, the despotic pressure of spiritual impurities, the restrictions of ignorance and incompleteness, all give way before the mild, persistent workings of the Divine Genius of our fates. He alone knows what is the special archetype from which each separate nature is constructed. He alone knows the processes that are necessary for the embodiment of the picturesque and magnificent ideal.

The sect never leads its subject above sectarianism. Society never emancipates its subject from the rigorous exactions of society. God alone is the emancipator of mankind. His plan, which embraces cycles of ages for its operation, is physically inaugurated from the time when body and soul, controlled by one respiration, rise together by the embodiment of one perfection. We shall find, as we become familiar with the Spirit's modes of action, that unexpected potencies, springing from the will, work recreative miracles in the understanding and the bodily frame. He takes us as rough blocks, that grow to living statues under the plastic hand.

But we have not yet reached the real difficulties of the case, namely, the foreign causes operant in the world, which bar the way to humanitarian completeness and

social redemption. The cause is found, first, in the chronic insanities in the moral will ; second, in the disease, degradation, and inversion of the mind and soul of the flesh ; and third, in the persistent and potent efforts of the abandoned of all time, working with spiritual powers against the Divine Man. Here we would not dogmatise, but say, as before, the breath of Deity, as it descends, affords the test of every doctrine. Reversing the order in which these are named, we take up the subject of the spiritual obstructions to the reign of equity and peace.

No man can advance to any extent in open respiration, without demonstrating in his own experience, that his every step is dogged, his every noble aspiration and endeavour warred against by malignant and subtle intelligences. The reverse of that which convinces him of the Infinite Personality of his Father-friend removes all doubt from his mind as to the existence of finite personalities, his deadly and cruel enemies. He may enter on this ground with the pleasing theory of the restorationist, but he will soon become convinced that, whatever the final fate of his persecutors may be, their present condition is one of absolute and fiendish depravity ; in a word, that they are organic hatreds and lusts and sorceries and murders ; their desires are all evil and their deeds all cruel. Deadened in corporeal nature, men for the most part are sapped in the vital springs of the constitution, and are imperilled in will and impaired in reason, with no direct consciousness of the presence and the action of their foes.

But when the fire-breaths of the Divine Spirit began to permeate the tissues of the organism, the physical senses

by degrees put on an hyper-physical character. The eye detects the moral quality in the beams that strike the retina; the ear a moral quality in the sounds that vibrate through the tympanum; the touch the moral quality in the substances, visible or invisible, that thrill in contact with its nerves. We are brought, in fine, into a sensational experience of the Magic of the Hells. God, even the Divine Man, stands in us, and, by the mighty power of His breath, wars against this magic. He trains us by quickenings of the sense to feel, by quickening of the perception to discriminate, by quickenings of the will to combat every impurity. Man's life becomes the real apocalypse. We learn, through combating the evils that invade, to conquer the evils that dwell within us. The valours, the magnanimities, the chastities that we cultivate become new organic forms in the re-created organism. For the second incarnation of our Lord is an incarnation in the bosom of humanity, and there He comes to conquer and to reign, and to be glorified for ever and ever.

We are all aware of the existence of qualities which are material, yet invisible. The latent electricity in a cup of water is sufficient to explode, and topple down the noblest edifice, as chemists assert. Moral qualities communicate to physical objects, under suitable conditions, their specific elements. Now we have in the world possibly a thousand millions of inhabitants; of these, but the small minority are comparatively chaste, honest, reverent, humane. Each body is the theatre where breathe the enormous and innumerable cupidities of a depraved life. Each moral evil, passing into act, loses its latent, and assumes its positive character. The human flesh must, therefore



reek with a moral-natural corruption. It must taint the homes, the surroundings of the race. Conditions are transmissible to offspring ; therefore the bodies of infants hold the seeds of ancestral plagues. Moral qualities are finitely imperishable, and therefore, for aught that we can discover, the corruption of hundreds of generations loads the effete substance of the globe. We are unconscious of it, because habituated to it.

Why was Jesus a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief? Because He was bowed under the pressure of these world-mountains of depravity. Why do men of purified spirituality cry, in all ages, "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" It is because they see that the concrete physical nature of man is gangrened with decay.

Why do we kill a little harmless snake that crosses our path, yet socially court the friendship of the imperial libertine or harlot whose presence makes Virtue shudder? Because the best are half paralysed by the magnetism of evil. Why do the masses of cultured men throughout the world make a jest of brutal impieties and uncleannesses? Because the balance of their nature sympathises with the multitude of lusts. Hereditary depravity must be accepted as a fact, whatever be its theory. With this hereditary and well-nigh universal baseness, the fact that there is still an eternal protest and reaction against evil, proves that the Divine-Man is still immanent in nature, and in human nature. It is the testimony of noblest spirits, deepest versed in moral knowledge, that even with them the balance of their life turned to evil, from which they were only saved by the eternal solicitation of the Spirit in the will. Now the individual



is born an integrated member in the great human Commonwealth. Toward each man comes rolling the ocean of its depravity, with long swells like those of the Atlantic ever beating on his shores.

Like ever seeks like. Wherever we find individuals in whom a deep organic taint and decay exists, the corresponding taint and decay, whether of the family or the race, flows toward, centres in, and pours its effluvia through them. These are the plague-centres of humanity. As there are natural idiots and cretins, so there are moral ones. The plum-tree affected with the disease called black knot, the peach corrupted with the yellows, imparts the malady to healthful plants of the same species, the only remedy being extirpation ; but we cannot extirpate the vitiated human trees. The barbarism of a vigorous young people is ameliorated by culture, and a few generations in their lapse, witness the advent and the growth of civilization ; but an old people, like the aged individual, so far as history is a proof, never rises again to power.

The same is true of special families ; unless a vigorous life current from another stock is imported, the new offshoots exhibit a growing imbecility. Whole classes in society sink permanently below the types of average manhood. We have but to ascertain the hereditary disease, and we know at once what specific streams of the world's corruption will centre themselves in the unhappy subject. The hopeless incurables of the race, hereditarily corrupt, are not those to whom the respirations of the Lord will open. For those not wilfully and therefore irremediably perverted, the spiritual world will afford hospitals of cure. It is to those who possess, constitu-

tionally, a fund of prime vitality that respiration comes. To those, in a word, in whom there are organic vessels for the reception and distribution of the divine auras. In the lapse of ages, the gangrened human constituents of the race will slough off, and no types survive but such as are capable of the highest spiritual and physical perfection.

In the beginnings of an age of open respiration, the great body of the world's corruption presses against and impedes the restorative effort of the Divine Man. Each recipient being open to specific veins of this corruption, not alone must he encounter the breadth, and length, and height, and depth, and fulness of the physical and moral decay within himself, but also meet the corresponding universal stream that has always flowed through him, and that seeks to maintain its level. Terrible is the strife by which the corruptible puts on incorruption !

All thieves in the world make organically one thief; all murderers one murderer; all adulterers one adulterer; sharing in a common fund of depraved appetite, insane instinct, and infernal satisfaction. It is the effort to press back out of the constitution the inflowing streams of moral and physical corruption; to arrest, so far as we are concerned, the tidal currents that circulate in the world's depravity, that makes the battle, in a large measure; for organically the whole body of the evil in humanity becomes our foe. The individual is not left to himself in freedom to initiate and to perfect the new conditions. As in a Despotism the Republican incurs the peril of the dungeon or the scaffold, and as in the oppressive Religion a Protestant is liable to torture and martyrdom; so the separate soul, a member of the des-

otic constitution of the race, finds its organic forces arrayed against him, finds himself menaced at the point of every nerve. It is well written that, "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood: but this shall be with burning, and fuel of fire." As the discovery of open respiration is greater than the first knowledge of a continent, and as the initialement into its conditions is greater than the planting of a first colony upon its shores, so the work of the maintenance and perfection of respiration is greater than that continent's subjugation and reclamation.

These introductory considerations being passed, we may now unveil the inner arcana of respiration itself. I was in the World of Spirits, in the year 1859, and saw a star of great magnitude burning with a majestic resplendence. It seemed an unwonted visitor in that sky, and the usual luminaries, as its light increased, first became dim, and afterward invisible. It hung midway between the horizon and the zenith, and made the darkness luminous. One came out from the earth as through a subterranean aperture, looked up, beheld the star, and cried, "My fears did not deceive me. It is the star that shone of old above the spiritual mid-heaven, when our Great Enemy began to breathe the natural air. It is the star of the Nazarene." Another followed him, and another. They were attired in the garb of Jewish priests, and each seemed possessed of the madness that incited our Saviour's crucifixion. After this they returned to their hell, and a council was summoned, composed exclusively of demons who had been Israelites.

There are, perhaps, none of the infernals who possess more powerful ultimate bodies, more determined wills,

more inflexible, long continued persistence in the pursuit of objects. They live in the illusion that a great prince is to appear in the lineage of David, and that he is to subdue all nations, and lead them back into Palestine, where they are to reign for ever. They look upon our Lord, in their madness, as the Antichrist. They bound themselves unitedly by an oath in that conclave, first, that whoever should desist from the undertaking which they contemplated should be subjected to a torture analogous to internal crucifixion; and second, that they would internally crucify the natural body of any inhabitant of earth over whom the beams of that star should be seen to descend and rest.

They then passed out into the natural world, clothing themselves in the invisible emanating corruptions of all persons in disorderly connection with the World of Spirits. One wonders at the fact that Spiritists, as a class, reject not alone the Divine Humanity, but also the doctrine of moral freedom and responsibility. One wonders, too, at the rapidity with which they seem to have lost all power to believe in Him. With a few exceptions the truth is, that they are, as a body, inhabited by the spirits of the crucifiers, whose name is legion, and who diligently search throughout the whole earth to discover upon what brows the star of Christ begins to beam. Their motto is, "Kill without mercy." To this end all things else are subordinate, all their passions focalised, and their hearts made a glowing sea of rage. Owing to their gross corporeal peculiarities, they attach themselves with ease to human constitutions. As the world's riches flow toward those of that race who inhabit the world, so the vitality of the animal spirits

detaches itself from the bodies of men, and accretes toward them.

Organized as tribes under a high-priest, and with armies which they call the hosts of David, they fight with magical weapons; and no sooner is one tribe temporarily spent than another hastens to its position in the vanguard. They attack the organs of hearing through magical art, by which the dissonances of their hate and rage perpetually sound, endeavouring thus to deaden and paralyse the understanding. Because the Jews, as a people, knew nothing of conjugal love, and are inherently and essentially scortatory, they are able, with great violence, as the swelling waves of the sea, to rise against those spaces in the constitution where the will, as a bride, reposes in the arms of the understanding; and thus mightily they labour to suppress the procreation of ideas and the descent of Divine truth into natural thought.

Whenever they see one whose thoughts and affections begin to move in the direction of open respiration, they waylay him day and night; they load the brain with a corrupt magical substance; they invade the fine space of the ear with deadly sounds; they cast a cursed dust into the eyes; they inject noisome effluvia into the nostrils; they anoint the lips with secretions of hates in the saliva, and violently, if possible, inject the very quintessence of death into the lungs. If those who have sought open respiration are drawn back into the vortex that denies, they fall inevitably into the hands of the crucifiers, who inwardly spit upon them in their contempt, as fools and apostates, but who outwardly apply opiates to conscience and stimulants to self-love.

The question is asked, Why does the Divine Man, our

Father, permit such invasions? In answering it we are to bear in mind, first, that it is not by the force of the Omnipotent energy, but by the power of Goodness, operant through Wisdom, that He governs the universe. Multitudinous reasons will present themselves as we advance, why this is permitted. In the meanwhile our preliminary statement will be given. To educate a son, the parent, when culture has advanced to a certain point, sends him out into the world to meet it on its own ground, and to develop energy from the struggle that ensues. It is to develop this energy, to transform men into warriors and heroes, that the Disposer of events allows the rage of evil spirits to be manifested.

“Sure we must fight if we would reign ;  
Increase our courage, Lord.  
We'll dare the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.”

I was in the Heaven of ancient Israel in the year 1859, and there witnessed the armies who are prepared to meet upon the theatre of earth the demons of their own nation. They are an exceedingly mild and gentle people. Their country is under the spiritual equator, where the air is moist and bland as if tempered by the presence of perpetual spring. I should say that there are three Heavens of the ancient Hebrews, the one above the other, and respectively celestial, spiritual, and ultimate. In the lower Heaven they are excessively warlike, though so mild and gentle. This spirit especially predominates in those who lived in the time of the Maccabees.

In the Spiritual Heaven they live much apart, possessing resplendent cities, which they call defences and

refuges ; they inlay the ceilings of their houses with precious stones, and also decorate with them the sides of the chambers and apartments of state. The floors are often composed of silver. It is their delight to appear in sumptuous apparel, which they frequently change. Their whole land is opulent ; were a covetous man to enter there, his heart would almost break at the sight of the immense treasures. There is something in the spiritual quality of this wealth, which excites upon the part of those who covet riches with an evil love, boundless cupidity ; yet they value their opulence chiefly as a means of conferring benefits. Here I saw one who was represented to me as having been that Nathan who was a prophet during the reign of David, but David I did not see, nor any one representing him.

The criticisms which they pronounce upon the kings of Judah and Israel, are generally of the most scathing character. They declare Solomon to have been the corrupter of their nation, a voluptuous tyrant, and even a magician, a perverter of influx, a wrestler of sacred things from their true import, a defiler of the people's heart ; and attribute the disasters that followed his decease to the effeminacy and idolatry to which he was given. They assert that Solomon, during the latter years of his reign, was in many respects, a subject spirit ; his rich, ardent nature, having been exhausted through his enormous libidinousness, and his mistresses, who were idolatresses, having woven through his organism a magical sphere. So far from considering him the wisest of men, they look upon him as a shrewd, worldly-minded epicure, in thought as well as in morals.

For David they have more respect, though their



estimation of him is one that would shock the orthodox believer. David was, according to their words, a two-fold character; a man of genius who rose up into lofty lyric inspirations, and a besotted gallant who quenched his heavenly ardours in sensual indulgences. I asked the question of them, if David ever had in their thought any idea of conjugal love, and the answer was, "Has a pig any?" His chief captains they represent as banditti, eaters of the substance of the people, violent, bloody, and unprincipled. Criticising character from this lofty ethical standard, they remarked, that their nation was organically never a man, but only a wild beast.

Of all purely intellectual peoples, these Hebrews seemed to me the most fiery. The remark pleased them when I made it, and one added, "We are filled, and overflow with fire." I attributed this to the immediate manifestations of the Word in their midst, and to the awful veneration in which they hold it; but he added, "That is so." And yet there is another reason. The Hebrew stock came originally from the dim east of Asia, and is akin to the Norseman, to Odin's men. Another said, "Yes, by moral consanguinity." The race wasted away in Palestine, and organically was better suited for a hardier land. Their method of speaking is abrupt, sharp, and commanding; their tone sonorous and from the depths of respiration. There is the sound of the trumpet in their voice.

In the Celestial Heaven of the Hebrews, are dense groves of trees like the cedars of Lebanon, thickets of myrtle and oleander, olive gardens, vineyards, paradises filled with odoriferous and exquisite flowers, pools, and fountains of the most transparent water; but so far as I



was aware no cities, the inhabitants preferring habitations in little series. The name of a Jew is to them an unutterable abomination ; and on receiving a guest, they beseech him that he will make no reference to the people whence they sprang. Nearly all of the inhabitants were removed from the natural earth while babes and children, though here and there one perceives a group who distinguished themselves below by valour, constancy, and devotion to the right. These latter live separately in a measure from the others, and in habitations which appear surmounted with blue domes inlaid with stars, like the vault of the firmament. Unutterable peace fills the mind on inhaling the atmosphere. The Word appears in the woodland belt which is a little below, and which encompasses their Heaven, extending for many miles in a series of gigantic sculptures. I entered by a gateway, representing the ascension of Elijah. The colossal architecture is not of stone, but of resplendent gold.

These three Heavens as one, make war against the Hells of the Hebrews that have risen to destroy open breathing men on earth. One said to me "Saw ye the star?" I replied in the affirmative, and he answered, "Here it was a sun. The Lord appeared in the midst of it, and the whole atmosphere of our Heaven began to change, filling us with a fiery, burning desire and determination to turn our wills towards the world, and to concentrate them there in opposition to magic."

One of the problems of history is the inexhaustible vitality of the Hebrew race. Without a national home, without leaders, or local affinities, or institutions ; condemned, like the Ahasuerus of the ancient legend, to

perpetual wanderings, because it mocked the Lord ; for ages subject to the ban of social ostracism, it cannot be destroyed, but flourishes from the decay of nations, absorbing to itself the riches of every successful people. Other nations are rooted in the earth, but this is rooted in the bark and woody substance of the nations, a vigorous but deadly parasite. Terribly it avenges itself for the insults and injuries which it has received during ages of persecution from the peoples of Christendom, oppressing the poor by its command of labour, and furnishing to the despots the ready wealth which enables them perpetually to maintain the standing armies that hold at bay the righteous revolutionist and the upright reformer.

It is a religious Plutocracy without conscience, sympathising not with humanity, but holding itself as God's peculiar people, to whom the Gentile world is lawful spoil. It sits in the antiquated garb of old tradition, wearing on its brow the crown of sacred revelation, a massy golden circlet scintillant with precious stones. Other nations prosper by the amenities of wholesome, industrial toil ; but the Hebrew neither sows nor reaps, he traffics in the productions of others, and for this reason his prosperity is unwholesome and unreal. There is that which gold cannot buy ; unison with the fine powers of nature, liberty in the fellowship of humanity, and perfection in the solidarity of Heaven and the perpetual presence and effluence of God.

The Hebrew is the social disintegrator, rooting himself like the lasting ivy within the interstices of the walls of the social structure. He eats out the cement that unifies the massy edifice, and forces stone from stone.

His prosperity is a continual demonstration of the fact that men may continually thrive by the excision of humanity from their sympathies. Millions of nominal Christians are rendered materially powerful, by assimilating to themselves the corrupt life of these fallen sons of Abraham. Still their corporate existence is a slow suicide, in which present immunity is purchased for the baser self, by the annihilation of the nobler faculties.

The historical Christ was instinctively warred against, while incarnate, by the Hebrew's isolating genius. He came to show the people how to die; how sacrificing the chimera of a favoured nationality, whom all the world was to serve, it might pass through the throes and crises of a public self-regeneration, and diffuse itself, by the spirit of self-sacrifice, as a restorative virtue into the body of the race. No people as yet has appreciated this lesson of the Master, but Israel least of all.

It reaps as it has sown. It chose to exist with a barbaric core of moral Atheism, and a corporate body of rigorous exclusiveness, an anti-humanitarian entity. It lives to demonstrate the supreme madness of its choice. Yet it also abounds in other lessons. Never has it ceased to worship as the Jew worshipped in his palmy days. The successions of its Rabbis are immortal, its holy days, its new moons, its solemn feasts, its peculiar ceremonies, duly commemorated, pass as in the bosom of time from cycle to cycle; proving thus that the customs of the institutions and the priesthoods of worship may find a perpetuity, while that which alone makes worship genuine, infinite aspiration, infinite endeavour for the reconciliation of the race to the Divine Love, may be extinct.

The Hebrew people chose not merely to reject the Incarnate Word as a Person, but also as a sacrifice. They stand as a monument, teaching by opposites, what that Word, now glorified and universal, makes obligatory on the people who would receive Him ; a universal respiratory Re-incarnation. For the new Christian must be the opposite of the inverted Jew, both peculiar people, but with traits that stand revealed in the most infinite antagonism. It may be said here, by the objector, that the Jew brings prosperity, that his banishment from Spain brought impoverishment, and his emigration into western Europe enhanced industry and increased opulence. These were eddies in the stream.

The banishment of the Spanish Jew was but part of a system of false political economy that wrought ruin in all its parts. Moreover, the Jew was then more of an industrialist than now. It may be said also, and with truth, that in all time Israelites have exhibited truly humane, that is, truly Christian characteristics. This we admit, but as exceptional. Into the bosom of the inverted Hebrew race the spirit opposed to Christianity slides as naturally as water into its channels ; as a corporeity it perpetually repeats our Saviour's crucifixion. Its surface morals may be higher than those of an ordinary civilized community, but in its spirit it traverses the lower, the infernal plane, representing the counter-movement which opposes the introduction of divine harmony. It does not proselyte by a propaganda. The spectacle of a born Christian embracing Judaism is rare indeed. It conquers as the plague does, by insinuating an almost palpable element, poisoning the world's morals in their deepest seat.

The spirit that entered into the Jewish race when it strove to annihilate the Incarnate Gospel, has never forsaken it; all its successive historical acts being the evolutions of one continuity. The Christian sects preserve the worst features of its barbarous monotheism, and the beautiful and fragrant gospels are misinterpreted, as the Talmudists reversed the meaning of the ancient prophecies. In many respects, indeed, the creeds received by the bigoted masses are cruel beyond the conceptions of the Pharisees. Christendom shifts and changes, but Judaism remains immovable. It chills the living, glowing, generous instincts of quickened peoples and natures, as the dwellers in a habitation are rendered cold and melancholy by the presence of a corpse within the doors.

The Jewish time-conception of God's plan of government, carried beyond the grave, and made an eternity-conception, is the victorious creed which everywhere conquers opposing religious nationalities, and reduces solid walls of men to powder and atoms. The most eminent of American preachers has said, "Give me a Love, and even in the churches but few will rally around it; but give me a Hate, and millions will rally to my standard." This is so. Islam conquered by the offer of paradise to the believer, and the inexorable doom of Gehenna to the enemy. Those Christian sects which have inscribed upon their banners, "Eternal salvation to the convert, eternal damnation to everybody else," have swept continents, and carried the fire and sword of doctrine from Britain to India.

Religious teachers of an opposite thought, who have made salvation equivalent to love, purity, harmony, personal sweetness, fidelity to the loftiest ideals, have met

with but narrow acceptance, and have never succeeded in building up a dominant power. The sterner sects are entrenched in the native ferocity of man. Christendom itself would crumble in the successful effort to introduce the doctrine that eternal salvation is conditioned, not on favouritism but on human worth. As agent and re-agent, the inverted Hebraism and the prevalent theological form of Christendom sustain vital relations. Inside of the Christian's idea of a Saviour are the stern, terrific features of the barbarian Hebraic conception of God ; the idea which our Lord came to abolish when He revealed the Universal Father. The minorities in the great sects hold different views, and painfully endeavour to accept the doctrinal standards with an accommodated interpretation. Language is indeed so flexible that with sufficient ingenuity it may be twisted into almost any form.

Yet Christendom is like Mount Hecla, covered with snow above, and pumice and scoria and thick-ribbed ice ; but within, the molten elements that heave upon the planet's inner fiery heart. Christ came into the world and left His Spirit in the bosom of a great body of believers. They soon chilled as the world chilled at the close of its tertiary age. Belts of heavenly bloom, that once wove their laughing, fragrant circles to the poles, contracted with the increasing cold of ages, till winter led its squadrons to the very equator. Whoever presses his bosom against the heart of any sect finds it cold as ice. We are to look within, and there insight may discover the fire that holds the seeds of life. As, after this geological frost epoch, the earth re-acted against its chill, so even now the frost epoch of Christendom is melted by the first beams of a directer sun. The

breath of God plays upon the bosom, and the Divine fire bursts forth to dissipate the cold of ages.

The Hebrew, as to his humanitarian instincts, lives in a perpetual chill. I once saw this illustration ; a bird was singing from the affections of unity and solidarity, by which men are gathered at once into the bosom of God, the health of nature, and the fraternity of the race. It was in the Celestial Heaven of the Hebrews that this exquisite creature poured forth its lay, and the notes sounded far and wide, awakening a whispering chorus in the tender flowers. An angel called the bird, which came fluttering into his breast, and then caused it to descend until it flew forth a jewelled radiant phoenix, in the interior or spiritual space of a Hebrew family on earth. The bird, on feeling the breath of their affections, was first covered with hoar frost, then masked in ice, and then embedded as in a tiny glacier. The angel, by his touch, caused the ice to melt, and, tenderly taking the bird into his bosom, it revived, being immortal.

I was in the same place, and beheld a little snow-white lamb, pure and spotless. The angel lifted it in his arms, and with great care conveyed it into the same interior ; instantly, smoke rose from the bosoms of the family, covering it with a fuliginous noisome soot, as from the fat of burnt meat. Layer succeeded layer ; and when the substance had acquired consistence, it became like the body of a black goat, emitting intolerable effluvia, and endeavouring by its constrictions to pollute the lamb within. In the same manner as before, the angel dispersed the goat form, and the lamb was seen, perfectly unsullied, as the angel removed him to the heavenly pasture where he fed.



The same angel then took a resplendent diamond, and held it in the internal space before the eye of the elder of these Hebrews. The stone was inscribed within itself with a precious truth concerning the true riches of the Spirit. On being thus exposed, the gem ceased to shine, and seemed a mass of opacity, the darkness in the eye of this lover of the unreal riches entirely shutting up its pure brilliancy. When the stone was removed, it burst forth to great lustre ; and in it I saw this written, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

The angel then took a strip of white velvety paper, on which were the words, "Through conjugal love our Lord provides eternal union in heaven for the pure." The sentence, when written, glistened with a diamond light, interspersed with rubies, and was encompassed by a little atmosphere of lucid gold. He laid this upon the forehead of another of the Hebrews, and instantly the writing became invisible, and the paper like black tinder ; but out of the brain of the man, as if stirred up by antagonistic forces, shone lucidly, in the midst of phosphorescence, hieroglyphical characters, thus rendered, "Marriage is permitted scortation, and nothing else."

At another time I met two Hebrews in a field of the Spiritual World ; both, as to their natural bodies, residents of earth. One said to the other, "Dig ; we shall find treasure." The other answered, "Why should we labour, when we can waylay ?" I then saw that robbery was in their hearts ; and they both resolved that they would spoil the first Gentile, having the appearance of riches about him, who might pass that way. Soon after, one resembling a very aged man drew nigh, in his hands



bearing the likeness of a bag of treasure. Each grasped his weapon, and springing upon the wayfarer from behind, they began cruelly to beat him over the head. He fell, in appearance lifeless, whereupon each seized the bag, which burst open, strewing the ground with the gold and silver. The old man, meanwhile reviving, begged in a piteous tone that they would leave him two or three pieces, that he might not be left both disabled and penniless; but the elder of them picked up a stone, and thrust, in his mouth, crying, "That is your share, and all you will get." They ran, hearing a coming footstep, such panic seizing them that they had not time to gather up the treasure. I was told by an angel, himself of this race, that the Jews from our earth are inveterate spoliators, and rove hither and thither as they may, many of them forming companies of banditti.

I was once introduced into a company of Israelites in their hell. The den resembled a habitation constructed by spiders. There were, perhaps, twenty gathered, each in his fantasy having put on, to celestial sight, a spider's likeness, and the chief of them a shape more monstrous than all, as if gorged to repletion with long successions of victims. He said, "I am the founder of this house. A fig for Jerusalem! Let the fools go there if they will; I am content with usury." One replied, "Father, you must be full of riches." He answered, "My body is full, but my heart is so hungry for more, that were a man to present himself made of gold, I would tear his flesh and drink his blood." Another said, "Father, what is the secret by which you have become so opulent?" He answered, "Craft, and the appearance of straight dealings. My observation teaches me that it is wisest always to

observe the laws of commerce ; the law gives us our advantage." The reply was, "The Gentiles are dogs and thieves." But the old man answered, "Dogs ! I hate them ; cursed be their mothers to Gehenna ; but they say they have the kingdoms. Which is best, to be cast in their prisons, or to adroitly slip into the inheritance of their estates ? Go to ! The Law of the Gentile is made for the advantage of the Hebrew." Another said, "Father, beyond getting wealth, what do you purpose to do ?" He answered, "When Messiah comes, He will lead us to Jerusalem. I shall then be the richest inhabitant ; you, my sons, will be princes. There is no end to the riches which, after this, shall fill our coffers. But I have said enough ; talking of gold is good, it whets the appetite for more. Let us to our gains again." I was afterward, as to my spirit, in the society of certain Hebrews in the natural world, and heard this conversation almost verbatim repeated.

While the Hebrew loves gold, races under the influence of Christendom uniformly crave land, even when its possession is not so materially profitable. Spirits are frequently seen, on leaving the body, anxiously inquiring for desirable territories, and when they are informed that there are such beyond, in the possession of peaceful races, they ask if they have armies like those of France and Britain, and if they can defend themselves. Sometimes their conditions are such that they behold in the distance the peaceful cities of the angels, delicious paradises, broad lands, made rich by harmonious industry. On beholding them, the spirit which has prompted the civilized nations of Europe to overrun the earth, takes possession of them, the spirit of Cortez and Pizarro.

It is as if they beheld the tropical Bahamas, the gardens of Mexico, the golden temples of Peru. The first exclamation is, "We are Christian people, and have the right to discover and conquer all countries where the Christian Religion is not in vogue." The infatuation which would prompt the sectarist on earth to declare that the non-believer in peculiar dogmas cannot be a Christian man, incites these multitudes to declare that there is no Christianity in the Heavens.

Sometimes, when angels come down, they converse with them, and this is permitted in order that men may be brought to their real states by the calling forth of their cupidities. Ungodly spirits, who are of the Evangelical persuasion, declare, on hearing these statements, that it is doing God service to go up and convert them to the true faith, to carry them a pure gospel, to teach them how to pray, and to convince them of the error of their practices. They scent from afar the breath of those pure lands, and instantly assert that these are countries which await the triumphs of the Cross. Scenting nothing sanguinary in the wafted atmospheres of worship and of love, they conclude that what is known and practised there is natural religion, which they have been taught to consider a uniform infidelity. They quote the example of their ancestors, who despoiled the North American continent, and in the name of God make attempts to rob, subdue, and deflorate the very Heavens.

The essence of the nominally Christian Society is licensed robbery. It is but the casting off of a cloak and the removing of an obstacle, and the unjust shop-keeper becomes a bandit. Men whose cupidities have been restrained on earth by the dread of present im-

prisonment and a final Hell, enter the Earth of Spirits to emerge into their real characters. Living and dying with but natural thoughts, their corporeal states unite to persuade them that what they behold is but an extension of the earth. The education which they have received, the passions which they have cherished, combine for a period to fill them with the idea that they stand on the borders of a new El Dorado, which awaits the conqueror. One beholds Englishmen with the banner of St. George, Frenchmen with the tricolour, Americans with the stars and stripes; and in curious juxtaposition the clergyman who has doffed his cassock, with the shopkeeper who has left the ledger, and the malefactor whose neck yet bears a ghastly imprint of the hangman's rope. "Beauty and booty" is the motto.

Yet differences here declare themselves, the more outwardly sanctimonious proposing to possess these fair lands by cunning, to introduce chicanery and all the arts by which shrewd dealers acquire wealth, to marry the rich and beautiful daughters, to establish the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, and the stated ministrations of the gospel, to immerse the converts, if they are Baptists, and to organize dioceses and build cathedrals, if Episcopalians. One of their frequent practices is rigidly to interrogate the proposed members of their predatory bands, nosing out heresies among them with the keen scent of practised theologians, and not admitting Socinians, Universalists, or the like, unless converted by God. "How," said one, "can Heaven smile upon our enterprise, unless it partakes purely of a missionary character? Poor naturalists, benighted pagans, how blessed it will be to save them as brands from the burning!"

So steeped in artificialities is the common sectarian mind, that when they see a gentle, simple, exquisitely natural man, from one of those regions, they will not believe that the Spirit of the Crucified One fills his being ; and again, beholding them so peaceful, so gentle, harmless as doves, inoffensive as lambs, with no fire of selfish passion boiling in the veins and giving colour to the face, yet withal the possessors of lands fair as virgin Eden, they cannot but conclude that they are a race easy to be subdued. The temptation proves irresistible.

It has never entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive of a purely harmonic society, radiating from a centre of absolute integrity, through circles of absolute obedience. The introduction of this doctrine inaugurates a new Christian era. When spirits from Christendom leave the natural world, never having known wherein true harmony consists, they are, for the most part, slow to believe that the radiant empires, from time to time made visible in the distant and superior expanse, are other than the seats of races with whom they can blend or associate, or at least victimise or overcome. It is as if the Spaniard had been told that he could not acquire the wealthy empire of Peru, or the Briton informed that the dominion of India was beyond his power. It is soon discovered, however, that other laws, other forces operate than those which assist the material conqueror, and after a time the predatory hordes begin to cry, that they do not war with men, but with sorcerers and magicians.

Sometimes these invading bands are permitted to enter Paradises. They move on hilariously, intent on spoiling some exquisite city which shines before them,

and in the whirlwind of their fierce desire they enter its precincts. Suddenly a choir of unarmed youths and maidens encircle them, robed but for festivities, crowned with chaplets, and with no weapon of defence beyond the lute or viol. One perhaps puts forth his hand to seize the person of some resplendent beauty. Her mild, beaming eyes are uplifted ; she breathes in the unison of the respirations of her companions. Instantly, without a visible cause, the would-be violator begins to suffer the pangs of impeded respiration, and sinks cold as the unsummed ice, immobile as a statue.

Others make signs for a truce, veil their purposes, and, like the Spaniards with the unsophisticated aborigines of America, assume the appearances of amity, declare themselves sent on embassies from high Christian potentates, empowered among other things to indoctrinate them in the gospel of Jesus ; at the same time asking to be received upon a friendly footing. The answer is generally, "We bid you welcome, and shall not seek to restrain you so long as you conform to our laws." They are treated hospitably ; refreshing food and drink is given them, as it is written, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink." They ravenously devour the delicious viands, and quaff with eagerness the rich beverage.

A herald then stands forth and invites them to declare their message. The subtle propagandist thereupon begins to set forth his creed. He stops ; labours with painful breath ; at last owns himself unable to speak. A wise angel then courteously says in substance, "Perhaps you are not aware that the breath of our Lord, which softly undulates in the bosom of the atmosphere,

dwells in its might within our bosoms. He breathes in us, and through us, and we respire wholly in and of Him. If you will speak the truth concerning religion, your discourse may proceed. If you assert untruths, the breath of the Father binds your lungs."

Some of great skill in dissimulation reply, for the sake of acquiring dominion there, "We are willing to think as you do." Instantly they are seized with mortal pains, and begin to writhe as serpents. The angel then continues, "To think as we do is not sufficient; you must will as we do, not compulsorily, but freely." Some cry out in return, "What do you mean by willing as you do?" Response is courteously given, "We mean, by willing thus, that we will to have no will but the will of the Lord." When they hear this, internal horrors begin to seize them, and the more violent shout, "Have at them! kill them!" and the like, at the same time essaying to compass violence.

Eyes are upturned to Heaven; hands perhaps crossed upon the bosom; serenity is undisturbed. All those holy breasts respire in one unison, and the bandits begin to suffer the agonies of approaching suffocation, and are soon helpless. It is thus demonstrated to these predatory hordes from the lower Christendom that Heaven is not to be molested. They are then kindly reconducted to the frontiers, and suffered each to go toward his own congenial place.

We have spoken of the passion for territorial acquisition which characterizes Christendom; it assumes another form in the Earth of Spirits. Soil is formed there by the accretions and extensions of the spiritual passions of man; good soil from the good, evil from the evil; but mixed in



all cases with the opposite elements, because all there are in mixed conditions. In the soil itself are hollow rumblings of earthquakes and violent explosions of subterranean fires. "Whosoever touches the soil about me touches me," said one. When a powerful Magical Spirit arrives there, he soon discovers arts by means of which to render his own peculiar soil a means for the accomplishment of his ambitious purposes. But he meets with perpetual disappointments. The edifices which he builds crumble, the defences which he rears yawn in chasms, the implements which he creates decay. He must labour with immense force and pertinacity to maintain the seemings of power and state. If a consummate adept in the arts of dissimulation, he develops the faculty of glossing over the substances, causing the sordid elements to wear the surface look of the precious minerals and metals; but the mimic gold speedily becomes tarnished, and the fictitious gems opaque and lustreless. Theologians, who wrought with a great wealth of purple words to adorn and dignify repulsive doctrines, are especial adepts in this craft, but soon become weary of it. One of stronger will frequently enters into the possessions of another, enslaving the spirit and appropriating his effects. As spirits of a given class assimilate, so their extended soils mass together. Thus barbaric societies are instituted, with their accompaniments of scenery. As, in the hearts of those whose inmost loves are evil, there are moral avenues that open downward into Infernus, so corresponding passages exist in the earths about them; and as the evil ones rise, and are subjectively operant in their bosoms, they also rise by these winding ways, and appear issuing through the soil.



But on earth man is a spirit, though with a discreted natural sphere and body. The substantiated emanations of his frame are invisibly stratified about him and below him. Whenever his heart is open to the pit, the demons rise to labour in the occult depths of his being ; but whenever openings are made for the wicked, who are able to clothe themselves in the finer substances of nature, they enter his sphere and are then present with him, both subjectively and objectively. Substances cohere by similars, and hence all Christendom is encompassed and interencompassed by a magical earth, coherent in the unity of its passions and acting in their vitality.

When a man begins to rise into Divine respiration, he is like one who has returned to life in the caverns of the dead. The fetid soils cling about his body. The corrupt miasms are gathered about his breathing organs. It is only as the Divine respiration advances that a new moral earth is formed about him. After respiration has somewhat advanced, the new sphere by which he is encompassed violently disconnects itself from the old ; he is then bodily discreted from the old Christian world, and begins to be the inhabitant of a new earth, as he is the recipient of a new Heaven.

We have considered, hitherto, the beginnings of the new respiration and the obstacles. We now advance, passing over intermediate stages, to the close of its aggressive period in the frame. Man was created primarily with a natural soul, capable of a conditioned immortality. The wilful violation of the law of right subverted its integrity ; it sank below the line of life, and entered the realm of darkness and dissolution. The sentence pronounced upon the natural soul of the first man of our

earth was, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." He transmitted to posterity his own physical conditions. Man, had not this occurred, would have shared in that glorious process of ascension which characterizes the harmonic universe, where sin is not. Without here considering the question whether an appearance of decease would have attended his glorious ascension, without either affirming or denying that certain corporeal exuvia in the outlines of the body would have been left in a concrete mould, instead of being instantaneously and electrically dissipated, we may infer that the natural soul, by the involution of its elements, would have arisen, encompassing the spirit proper, a resplendent and powerful form, serving the ends of the inner and higher personality. (See A. of C. 1, I. index.)

In the resurrection of the visible body of the Divine Man, the glorious precursor of his rehabilitated and immortal people, we have an illustration of the tenet. (See also A. of C. 1, I.) When the sentence was pronounced against the natural soul of man, it was absolute and universal. It is the breath of our now glorified Lord, the breath not of Deity without, but of Deity in humanity, that begins to renovate the human constitution. It sweeps on in majestic cycles, at every stage dissipating sordors, casting out plagues, reducing inchoate elements to order, at once solidifying and powerfully vitalising the frame. At length it reaches the most intimate seats of the structure, the habitation of the natural soul. When this occurs, that organism perishes. At this awful and solemn crisis of our fate, a new natural soul, created through the Divine Humanity of our Lord and therefore without evil, beautiful as morning attended by the rosy hours, as spring

with the maidens of her floral train, a radiant apparition of innocence and beauty and abundant joy, is inseminated in its place. The spirit is thus clothed upon, in the apt language of the apostle, with a house which is from Heaven. After this, the rehabilitation of the frame is continuous. While the old natural soul maintained its evil life, warfare existed between it and the recreating breaths ; but now both spirit and soul breathe in one harmony, which unifies the composite structure of existence.

This however, is the seed germ of a new beginning. The new natural soul is first infantile, then juvenile, then youthful, and finally adolescent ; becoming at each stage more powerful, more active, more imperative. Now for the first time begins to be formed about the new man, in the fine spaces of nature, a human earth, which, unlike the former earth, is permanent and indestructible, except as wilful evils are suffered to intrude. Truth, goodness, power, are its derived characteristics ; light, heat, and harmonic motion its phenomena. It glows with a fine purity, as a virgin light goldenly radiant. Its ardours mount from those of the early spring to those of meridian summer, and there remain ; for neither darkness nor decay are among its contingencies ; nor does its motion ever cease, but becomes more rapid, a fiery belt, ruddy and crystalline, radiating by its action the beams that are its life.

When the cycle of terrestrial existence closes, the circle narrows. The wheels revolve inwardly. The substances are inter-attracted. They form about the natural soul a radiant vesture. The breaths of the Lord, which in their omnipotent outgoing have recreated man in the divine image and likeness, plenarily uplift him in their final

ascension. Whatever visible exuvia may remain in the shell of the body, they contain no relics of the natural soul. It is not death, for death is abolished. May such, brother who readeest, be thy blessed transit ; and may those who see thee pass triumphantly, affirm, that "death is swallowed up in victory."

Swedenborg, in his natural experience, was an illustration of the fact of open respiration in its earlier stages ; while in his writings he cogently and very clearly sets forth the nature of the respirations which existed in the ancient Golden Age, and shows that the typical deluge, involving far greater than a mere material catastrophe, was a flood of elements which overwhelmed the ancient breathings of the world.

That bounteous Wisdom, which ever delights to surprise its creatures with fair and still more fair disclosures of its face, has properly, if we may here use the word, veiled over this most exquisite of all natural truths until the present day. It lies, a virgin world, where the flowers die not, and the fruits wither not, and the elements contend not ; where beauty celebrates her eternal nuptials of innocence, amid the epithalamiums of celestial choirs. It rises, an orbéd star, in the heavens of consciousness, a star of advent and hope. Blessed that household, blessed all households, upon whom its beams shall fall ! And blessed the brows encircled by its aureole, and the bosoms that thrill and kindle to the marches of its mystic gladness ! Orb of the new nativities of man, which builds Bethlehem Ephratah in the obedient, receptive frame ; orb, that if it shines above the countenance, uplifted to the Father, upon lonely mountains of temptation, or on the brow cinctured with

its wreath of bloody sweat amidst the sorrows of Gethsemane, or if it pauses in suspense of light over the Calvary where love consummates its days in martyrdom; yet breaks forth with thrice Divine refulgence when the composite man, leaving no element of either soul or spirit in the embraces of corruption, follows its Infinite Precursor, not unclothed but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up in life.

If we use the word Christendom as synonymous with the pure, or real Christendom, we must yet bear in mind that the corporate body, so called, is not Christendom; neither is heathendom, heathendom. The assumption that any extant sect purely represents the Church Militant is a monstrous chimera, and the doctrine that any creed represents a saving faith is equally fallacious. Pure truth saves by its connection with pure good, and otherwise there is no absolute salvation. Man may rise into states of immature excellence, through the unitary action of partial truth combined with partial good. The grand old religions of the Orient, the faiths of Brahma, Buddha, and of Zoroaster, and even Fetishism, the lowest of all, according to their genius, each possess a greater, lesser, or least degree, both of veracity and morality. The rude African tribes, the dense myriads of Asia, of whatever faith, and in whatever idolatry, dwell not in unrelieved darkness. It is only when the individual is elevated to a mental and moral superiority above his creed, that it becomes an absolute injury to him. So the Greek and Latin Churches, the various Protestant bodies, are good to whomsoever of their disciples are below their standards and amenable to their best and truest influences and inculcations. They are uniformly

injurious to whomsoever is striving to embody the purer and nobler ideal. So long as the Methodist, the Baptist, the Universalist, the Episcopalian, each according to his respective proclivities and openesses, morally and intellectually grows under the combined operation of their ministries, rites, and literatures, they represent, however imperfectly, Divine helps. When a sceptic becomes a Universalist, he advances ; when a sensualist becomes a Wesleyan, it is a vast improvement ; when a worldling embraces Episcopalianism, it is a change for the better. No communion is one of unmixed falsity and evil, where men are taught to shun depravities as sins against religion and Divinity.

Considering this doctrine from another point, it is even true that a pirate may receive a higher tone, under the influence of gentle thieves, who have some remains of conscience, which forbids their taking life. The man who is both a gambler and a libertine may be improved in the society of those—and there are those—who, while given to the tricks of the sharper, look with scorn upon debauchery. When Mahomet said that the lowest of the Hells was for the hypocrites of all religions, he caught the profile view of a noble doctrine ; for the hypocrite lets all good and truth pass through him, appropriating none. Hypocrisy is the last prostitution of humanity. So long as the soul really possesses a religious hatred of this vice, there is one solid point in it which may serve as a fulcrum for the Divine moral lever.

A doctrine of pure truth is the hope and desire of the intellect, and a system of pure life the earnest and agonised expectation of the will. The unrestful, the unhappy seekers after both, especially in chaotic, un-

settled times like the present, subject sect after sect as to a crucial test; and, if they are growing in a right direction, may reject one after the other; painfully it is true, yet not without advantage. When a man arises above the standard of Methodism he will be in agony until he leaves it, but this proves nothing against its use to multitudes. It is impossible to apply a uniform admeasurement, for each sect is good or bad to the individual, as it facilitates or retards the extirpation of the evils and the falsities, the quickening and the evolution of the purities and the veracities. The hyper-Calvinist may be improved for a time by an experience of Universalism, which is most true on the side where Calvinism is untrue. Each sect commends itself to the relatively good and true, by the prominence which it gives to some doctrine of truth or morals, of which they feel the special need, and toward which they incline warmly and sympathetically. It is only when men begin to demand an absolute harmony of truth, for the purpose of embodying it in the harmony of individual and universal existence, that the faith which here finds expression becomes a necessity. So long as one is not, as to his spirit, as to his whole composite personality, pining for a plenary union with the Divine Spirit, the lesser faith will serve him; the greater becomes only imperative when the lesser fails to meet the exigencies of the soul.

It is a great step for a man immersed in corporeality, when he becomes convicted at heart with the truth that there are great absolute moral distinctions between good and evil, that the former is commendable, the latter damnable. Upon this foundation he may raise, in time, the



noblest superstructure. Where this groundwork is established, a solid base is laid for the Divine temple ; but the systems which annihilate this distinction are fatal to the soul. That theory which teaches that vice is the rudimental form of virtue, and that the difference between the Christ and the pirate is one of mere progression, works gradually upon the mind and heart with the baneful enchantments of Circe, who transformed her votaries into swine. In the ratio in which any sect approaches this error, it divorces itself from Heaven, and connects itself with Hell. This is the only faith on earth that teaches an absolute infernalism ; it is pandemonium in disguise. That such a doctrine is permitted is, however, in the Divine providence ; it works good in the age now passing away. Men were grouped and knit together by habit, custom, the force of creeds and circumstances.

In the age upon which the world is just entering, the reverse will obtain, and individuals will associate by the stern yet beneficent operation of the Lord, by moral proclivities and affinities. The doctrine which asserts so positively that evil is but good in its germinal state, and which therefore annihilates the final ground of moral distinctions, subserves this important end ; forming a nucleating point which will attract to itself its kindred spirits, detaching them from the old religious parties, and giving visible shape and consistency to that latent sentiment in the world, which not invidiously may be styled the Antichrist.

On the other hand, the doctrine of absolute harmony, resulting from absolute integrity, which is expressed in these pages, will serve the opposite purpose. Moham-

medanism can rise no higher than the ideal of Mahomet ; passing that ideal it is Mohammedanism no more ; Episcopalianism can rise no higher than the standards of its creeds and liturgies. When it breaks these it is Episcopalianism no more. But a faith of pure harmony instrumentally lifts men into the very bosom of Deity, where the Divine respirations are led out through all the frame. Unlike the creeds, which perish because they make no provision for the knowledges of higher truth through the evolution of nobler faculties, this answers the final ends of Providence. It is a finality. The time will come when what is here stated will be looked upon as having served its day. Men will say, "So sprang from earth this mighty tree, which now overshadows the world." The smallest of all seeds, but because it contains the provisions for boundless growth, it cannot be cancelled. It can never interpose any barrier of limitations to the evolution of the Divine good and truth in man.

This, therefore, is the Absolute Christianity. The objection, in the way of creeds, is not that they are statements of doctrine, but that there is no absolute method for their verification. It is monstrous to force on men doctrines which they cannot verify, and consequently the human intellect exists in a state of suppressed revolt, ever gathering forces for spasms of revolution. But, on the other hand, doctrinal standards, which, however supernatural in their statements, however cosmical or psychical, can be organically demonstrated, and proven by methods provided in the economies of the human frame, are never liable to this objection.

Christendom is divided into three great schools of

thought ; the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Rationalist. The Catholic holds that the canonical Scriptures embody the Divine Revelation, and are to be received as true ; but that such a thing as the right of private interpretation does not exist ; that in matters of belief the Church is the final authority. To the conscientious Catholic, therefore, the voice of the Church is as the voice of God. By the Church, it understands all those who accept and obey that ecclesiastical organization of which the metropolis is Rome. Whatever the Romish hierarchy, assembled in general council, declare to be the true exposition of any dogma, the majority of these expressing the voice of the Church, it is *ipso facto* an eternal verity. This theory is imposing as it is venerable. There is something august in the conception of a pontifical body, the ancients of the faith, subsisting from generation to generation, embosoming the Divine Presence and authoritatively announcing the wisdom of Infinity.

The doctrine of the Protestant party is that the Bible is the sole rule of faith and practice, and capable of intelligent interpretation, through the individual reason of believers. It maintains the right of private judgment, on the ground that the dogmatic contents of the Scripture can be understood through its exercise. Against the Catholic idea of unity and authority it off-sets the conception of liberty and individuality. This theory is also, upon a different ground, sublime. No man can wonder at the strong hold which it took upon the affections of Christendom. It was a bulwark for the rights of men against that most odious of despotisms, a tyranny which builds around the intellect a dungeon, and excludes the vital air until it becomes a tomb.

The third school is the Rationalistic. It denies both that an hierarchal organism is final authority in matters of religion, and that any writing or collections of writings is master of the soul. Its theory is that all truth is sacred, wherever found, and all error base, no matter by whom taught, or where, or on what assumptions of authority. It makes the enligthened consciousness, the most thoroughly and comprehensively cultured human reason, in all matters, both of theology and ethics, a tribunal of final appeal. From the obvious tyrannies of Rome, from the seemingly incongruous statements of Scripture, it is not to be wondered at that a large and increasing class of thinkers recede to this last position; it stands, a lofty assertion of the dignity and grandeur of the human intelligence, the exhaustive accuracy of its processes, the rectitude of its powers, the absolute value of its final conclusions.

But the Catholic School builds upon a foundation which is untenable. The primitive Church ramified into a multiplicity of parties: where is the evidence that any one of these purely held the doctrine of Christ? Which was, and which was not the Church? Rome says, "Behold it in me!" But where is the proof? Analysed, it amounts to no more or less than this,—that in a period when rival dogmas fiercely contended, its party, after a series of defeats and victories, obtained a decided preponderance over the others. A preponderance of what? Of numbers. So then, it rests purely upon the fact of having cast a majority of votes in the excitement of popular suffrages. In a word, God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Practically it divides its adherents into two classes, a small minority of prac-

tised theologians, the philosophers of its dogma, and an overwhelming majority of indifferent disciples, who, without exercising the reason, are content to assent to a mass of incomprehensible propositions, exercising no higher attributes than those of a devout credulity. For be it borne in mind, that this system offers no test of doctrine that can be applied successfully by the individual believer. Be its tenets accurate or inaccurate, they are wholly incapable of proof. It is a theory of relative weights, which cannot be demonstrated because the scales balance in a vacuum.

The Protestant School holds simply the Catholic doctrine, pulverised to atoms; merely substituting the individual unit for the composite society. It makes the decisions of the individual believer individually valid, as its rival makes the decisions of the hierarchal conclave generally valid. The same objection applies to both methods. It is furthermore open to the most destructive criticism. First, the Bible, as containing a dogmatic system, is not a simple statement, but one of infinite complexity. But how many, in the multitude of individual believers, possess the centrality and continuity of thought requisite for the translation of its myriad of statements, many of them in apparent conflict, into one grand and veritable harmony? Again, when one has arrived at conclusions of his own, concerning what the Bible teaches of God, of creation, of judgment, of Heaven, and Hell, and the awful series of most momentous doctrine, by what process can he prove his conclusions; especially in the presence of myriads of hostile thinkers, each going to the same record as prayerfully, as conscientiously, and as rationally, yet each elaborating his widely dissimilar system.

There is no doubt that each of the Protestant sects originated in the honest application of the individual judgment to the self-same Scripture. In this respect the original Protestant assumption has proved a failure. It has led, and is leading great multitudes to the honest conviction, that there is no certainty in the conclusions of any sect, and that the grave doctrines of theology are incomprehensible in the present state of man. Practically, the great Protestant sects are obliged, in self-defence, to copy the Romish example. Each assumes the infallibility of its system of interpretation, and consequent doctrinal formulas. The Baptist, the Calvinist, no more reads the Scriptures to form a creed for himself. He reads them for the purpose of collating texts and adducing arguments to support the hypotheses of the creed of the sect which enrols him among its disciples. In a modified sense the system works as does the Romish one; the ecclesiastical few stand in place of the reason to the secular many: the whole structure is built on assumptions which, when tested, are as the airy fabric of a dream.

Finally, of the Rationalistic School, which translates the ultimate court of appeal from the council and the Scripture to the individual reason. Men arrive at right conclusions in science, because they can apply material tests to material estimates. In a question so remote as that of the distance and the bulk of Sirius, there is a material gauge and demonstration. But when we enter on the ground of spiritual facts, forms, laws, and forces; when we analyse revelations, which deal with these in parables, metaphors, illustrations, no less than in apparently direct phrase, how can the natural intellect educe a rational and universal truth? Hence Rationalism

breaks up into schools as varied and fantastic as the clouds. What German philosophies rise and fall ! What periodical developments of " Liberal Theism " or " Liberal Christianity ! " The effect is the production of a profound sadness in mind and heart ; the gold turns to dross in the crucible, and the gem shivers to atoms in the lathe of the polisher. Alas, the conclusion is, unfaith in the processes of reason, a sinking back from mere exhaustion, and from the aching and craving appetite for infallibility and certainty, from one religious cloud-bank to another, till the soul welters at last into the stagnated mother-pool—Rome.

A final and more recent nebula of a party demands a passing notice ; that of the modern Spiritists or Spiritualists. But it cannot be assigned a dogmatic placè, because it has no place, it is protean. Among Spiritists are Catholics, Protestants of nearly every type, and Rationalists. In all its distinctions there is one unifying tenet, that the departed communicate with men. It was believed by many intelligent persons, that as communications were opened between the natural and spiritual worlds, the mysterious veil which hides the face of Truth from mortals would be drawn aside. But the sphinx is not thus read, the countenance of Isis not thus made visible. Here, if anything is proved, it is that communications are received which confirm each man in the faith which his spirit cherishes. If in America nearly all become the adherents of the doctrine of natural progression, it is because this is the doctrine inscribed in the constitution of the inverted fleshly man ; and if it annihilates the ground of moral distinctions, it is because this falsehood is organized in the midst of the disease and depravity and perversity of the fallen natural soul.



The more numerous class of Spiritists make, theoretically, reason and nature the test of truth; but, underlying the statement, is the assumption that the reason which ignores the radical distinctions of good and evil is the true reason, and the world in which depravities have made the history of humanity a long abomination is a normal, healthful world. It assumes first what it cannot prove, and second what is utterly repugnant to the purified and quickened heart. Theology to-day occupies the position which Geography did before men knew the rotundity of the globe, and that Astronomy held in times when learned and studious men balanced between the hypotheses of Ptolemy and Aristotle.

It is affecting to observe, in all religious organizations, the same Divinity striving to descend in loving benefaction; the same humanity struggling to arise in faith and aspiration. Most pathetic also to behold, amidst the throng gathered together, some by curiosity, some by novelty, others by worldly interests or morbid superstition, the same Divine Stranger: and here one pressing closely to betray, and there another to stretch forth the hand and touch the hem of His garment and be healed of a life's infirmity. The God of Islam, of Buddhism, of Rome, and Protestant Orthodoxy, and Liberalism, and Rationalism is the same God. The Christ of the Catholic, the Wesleyan, the Unitarian, is the same Christ. The one Heaven, that is without a rent or stain, folds its pure and seamless mantle around the penitent, the virtuous of all religions.

Deeply instructive too are the lessons suggested by the opposite developments of character in the bosom of the same belief. Those who yearn for the purest purity and

the most loving love, find, even in the narrowest creeds, a means of grace ; while those whose tendencies are to bitterness and strife grow hard and cruel under the most genial ministrations. Two of the most devout of Catholics were Pascal and Torquemada, each a son of the church, but the former an Abel or a John, the latter a Cain or an Iscariot ; the one all tenderness and sympathy, possessing the maximum of virtue and the minimum of defect, and the other cruel as the fire he kindled, and unfeeling as the instruments of torture that he applied with the same remorseless purpose to tender maidens and learned and pious men. Could we sift any sect, we should find everywhere incipient Pascals, germinant Torquemadas.

What lessons, also, both of hope and terror, are derived from facts like these. Universalism is commonly considered as but an epidermis of religion drawn over the lifeless anatomy of belief ; yet here, amidst the worldly who crave a faith that makes salvation inevitable, may be found troops of tender-hearted women, merciful and hopeful men, youths who cherish transcendent aspirations, venerable matrons, nursing, amidst the snows of age, the purest flames of that sweet piety that broadens and brightens to the eternal morn.

On the other hand, no morality is so high as that of Swedenborg, no philosophy so intellectual, no faith so utterly hostile to self-love and to its worldliness ; yet here, where Heaven and Hell are translated almost into visible actualities, and freedom asserted upon its broadest premises, the sensualist is confirmed in voluptuousness, and the formalist in an eviscerated, petrific pharisaism. Beside the holy heart that expatiates in a wide realm of inflowing beatitudes, another nurses scorpions, and its fires

and forges harden the ore of its hatreds into the weapons of spiritual assassination.

All too present the same stratifications of a human geology : a broad layer of religionists, whose attribute is utter worldliness ; above it one characterised by pharisaical morality ; and still higher a vitalised soil, mellow from the sunlight, and adorned with the springing verdure of a fresh humanity.

So with all priesthoods : there is a class who make the pulpit a profession, as medicine or law ; a class who make it a charlatanry ; another a chicanery : another a refined perfumery and jewellery ; another who carry into the services of religion pure hypocrisy. Then again, we behold the good natured, kindly, but lax and easy sensualist ; the fiery zealot and propagandist ; the rigid, chill ascetic ; the insister on ritual as paramount to doctrine ; the expounder of the system as rather a proposition and a philosophy ; and still beyond, a class who interpret the doctrine from a standpoint of Catholic fellowship, who make its very scorpions into fishes, who turn its stones into bread, and transform its water into wine.

And once more, its sacraments are implements more piercing than any pain, and palliatives more dangerous, more seductive, more stupefying than any perfumed, medicated poison. The clergyman whose heart is hollow as the tomb, and a co-labourer whose heart is vital with Divinity, alike administer them. The bread and wine from the hand of the secret idolater may nourish one communicant as with the body of holiness and the blood of self-sacrifice ; the Eucharistic elements, even at the pure hands of the other, may confirm the hardened bigot in a life's unfaith, and establish the delusions that rise

like exhalations from the growing putrefaction of the soul. The conclusion we arrive at is, that truth and falsity, good and evil, honesty and imposture, liberty and slavery, God and Satan, Heaven and Hell, in multiplicities of inter-involved powers, are ramified through all. That all have stairways into a paradise, all secret paths into the deep Gehenna, all rivers of life that cleanse and renovate the nature, all counter-streams of death that chill the spirit into stone.

The advantage which the Respirationist possesses over either of the foregoing parties is, first, a standard of truth, including all that is valid in church tradition with the Catholic, the divine contents of Scripture with the Protestant, and the universal facts and laws of nature with the Rationalist.

“No pent Utica contracts our powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is ours.”

But the Catholic is not able to winnow his traditions, to separate the verity from the imposture, the celestial from the infernal. The Protestant is not able to enter into an accurate analysis of Scripture. In the exhausted receiver of his natural mind the feather and the ingot weigh alike. He is unable to distinguish fully between the historical, the prophetic, and the allegorical elements; unable, from ignorance of any systematic doctrine of the value and relations of its symbols, to decipher those occult correspondences; unable, from the absence of the laws of illumination and inspiration, to justify the Divine origin of prophecy. He is like the savage who has become the possessor of a theodolite or an electrical battery—aware that the metals of which they are composed have uses, but only able to make them serve some

feeble end, as they are resolved into their brass or steel. The iron, when hammered, serves him as a fish-hook or a spear-point.

If the theory of the Protestant were correct, Scripture would serve, when faithfully studied by the conscientious disciple, as a lucid system of Divine truth, and the wise would differ no more in its interpretations than astronomers differ in their readings of the "*Mechanique Celeste*." Far from this being the case, the antagonisms developed between the different schools are irreconcilable. But while the Protestant is crushed under the weight of the letter and bewildered by the rushing forces of the Spirit of the Word, the Respirationist enters into the possession of the Scripture as the child into his Father's house; that Parent being present as his necessities require, patient to explain of its construction, to throw open its doors, to interpret the significance of sculpture and picture; in a word, to indoctrinate him in the use and peculiarity of its every treasure.

What, after all, can the Rationalist know of nature? Its surfaces, but not its contents; its forms, but not their origins or destinies. He lives intellectually in subterranean crypts, but has no access to its earthly halls and heavenly watch-towers. The known is a group of isolated points, the inevitably unknown all that is beyond them. We are far from underrating the natural sciences, natural philosophies, increasingly true and copious in their own spheres; but beyond what is there to the natural reason? Comte, Parker, take refuge at last in a groundwork of unproved assumptions; they assume an anatomy and physiology of Providence, but the varied and rival assumptions are incapable of demonstration.

This is also correct of the various classes of Spiritists. Where the intellect requires assurance and stability, the rock proves quicksand, the light an *ignis fatuus*, the uplifted celestial vision a mirage painted on the eyeball. But how with the Respirationist? He is in his dear home. It is firm earth, pure water, sweet air, and solid, transparent sky. He who lives in the bosom of his Maker dwells in the open secret of His work; for the All-illuminating Intelligence at once warns him of the fallacy, and convinces him of the verity.

A second advantage which the Respirationist possesses is a Church which is not a sect, but a people; not a mechanism constructed from without, but a living organism unfolded from within; a body not fashioned of heterogeneous materials, but homogeneous. It is the property of a living, healthful organism to repulse and cast out effete and noxious substances. The various ecclesiasticisms may exclude the avowed heretic; they have no process by which to separate the secret one. They may exercise a supervision over the surfaces of the morals, but cannot discriminate between the morality which is the wolf's clothing and that which is the lamb's personality. Hence the churches are composed of the good and evil, and the one class can neither exclude nor absolutely test the real essentials of the other. The fault is not with bodies or individuals, but grows out of the inherent necessities of things.

It is true that, in the early stages of respiration, through which all must pass, there is an ever-recurring danger of relapse into worldliness; but when both character and constitution are reconstructed, a point is reached from which few will recede; the divine breaths

in their copiousness flowing continually, and impulsing through their unitary body, will so consolidate them that it must be impossible for any hostile element to find a place; while, should lapses occur, it is not probable that the wilful transgressor could continue to breathe the breath of life. Even were existence continued, the withdrawal of the Divine breath would operate as an organic disseverance and exclusion. Thus provision is made for a constituted body, consisting wholly of new men, new in the regenerate will and understanding, new in the reconstituted natural soul; absorbing into its structure by attraction all men of whatever class, made spiritually and physically regenerate, and casting forth by repulsion everything intrinsically hostile to Divine purity.

A third advantage is, that in the nature of things neither adversity nor prosperity can destroy this vital union, or cause it to debase by corruptions. Prosperity is fatal to the religious life of all ecclesiastical corporations. It is impossible for any sect long to maintain the height of its earliest moral state. Ecclesiastical history demonstrates that the first days of a sect are spiritually its best days. Whenever a religious body becomes socially dignified, numerous and opulent, it attracts a larger and larger class of mere surface liver, men and women of the world. The ministry becomes a profession, and is sought as other professions, from the distinction to be obtained by pulpit oratory, from the social advantages which accrue to the sacred profession, and from the competence which it secures. The primitive fervour of the sect is quenched. It becomes involved in the perpetration and preservation of great social iniquities. It lends its influence to those conservative institutions which confer additional prestige,



while it becomes the enemy of the radical reforms that seek not merely to lop the limbs, but to uproot the mighty tree of tyranny. It is seldom that a new religious organism is the result of a simple intellectual revolt. Ideas alone never embody themselves in institutions. A class of fervent, earnest persons are driven by the conviction of the corruption in the bosom of their own religious society, first to strive for its reformation, and failing in this, to leave it, and unite for the purpose of more fully embodying the Christian ideal. The corruptions of Rome prepared Europe for the Protestant Reformation, and the corruptions of Protestantism in its decline are attended by Reforms which constantly evolve minor religious bodies. Still ideas play a part, yet commonly an inferior one.

But for a body, composed of noble spirits, possessing the Divine life in the very circulations of the frame, to be debauched by prosperity is impossible. First, no worldling can live in its atmosphere. Second, it can never compromise, either upon a radicalism of doctrine or of life; never enter into a moment's truce with any evil, however plausible, or profitable, or gigantic. It is opposed, both by the essentials and the ingredients of its constitution, to the entire body of the inversions of the world. It can, therefore, never cease to war against those inversions till the Divine harmony becomes universal. Third, no man in whom the Divine respiration has begun can stand still; he must advance or perish. So of the body in which all are constituents. The Divine breaths never pause; that body must advance or perish. In the sects, the form may subsist after the spirit has become corrupt; but here the form, for its existence, depends

upon that spirit's ever growing perfection. There is no possibility for the repetition of the experience either of Protestantism or of Rome.

A fourth and final point. In the old sects hereditary depravity is transmitted ; parents do not bequeath to their children physical harmony, equilibrium, sanity, and purity. But offspring born of parents who possess the Divine harmony inspered in the spirit, and embodied in the new natural soul, can impart to their progeny nothing but good. It is a new beginning of the generations. No mother will bear a child like Aaron Burr, whose gigantic depravity sprang through the loins of a succession of pious ancestors. Goodness will ripen from goodness in the long processions of the ages.

Heaven and Hell, words of light and mystery, words of bale and terror, exercised in all ages a potent charm, challenging for their elucidation the powers of all philosophy, and moving with a various force on every moral and intellectual faculty of man. The more recent thought of Christendom has narrowed each conception to its least possible limits, while the coarse theory of the Positivist reduces each to a spectral image. Practically, almost all men live at present for aims and objects limited to the mundane sphere. That time is the seed field of eternity, is a thought confined to the few. The imagination loves to be cheated with brilliant spectacles, and the most popular pulpit oratory is that which dazzles the eye with a profusion of histrionic splendours. The deepest experience cannot be communicated through the channels of either the pulpit or the religious press, for the reason that both are committed to the eternal commonplace. No higher thought can find access to the

popular mind, drugged as it with the opiates or stimulated with the fiery draughts of a purely artificial theology. The so-called liberal classes, as a *sine quâ non*, demand that every original statement shall deny the incarnation of the Divine Man. The thinker who proceeds upon the premise that Christ is God, finds here no audience. On the other hand, the Orthodox public, under the discipline of their leaders, as rigorously require that no statement shall contravene their cherished tenet, that it is not possible to know anything of Heaven or Hell except through gross natural interpretation of the verbiage of Scripture.

The man who enters into and passes through the preparatory stages of the Divine breath, requires a more comprehensive statement, both of the celestial and the infernal worlds. We now proceed to define their real significance. Properly speaking, there is no Heaven possible, subjectively, but that of human nature glorified by indwelling Deity. No Hell, subjectively, but that of human nature occupying the antagonistic pole. The good man, divested of all evil, embodies the celestial state, possesses it plenarily within itself, breathes in its breath, thinks in its intelligence, wills in its virtue, and enjoys in the interminable ranges of its beatitudes. The true conception of an angel is that of the rectified and balanced man, whose state of moral excellence has ripened into an immortal habitude.

Heaven, objectively, is the art-world of the soul : not a vacuum, because the works of the Spirit are substantial creations ; not a floating fantasy mirrored from within, because the spirit in its determinate activities continually evolves the essential qualities of substance into its own space. Within the natural home, taste delights to gather

beautiful adornments ; man surrounds himself, so far as possible, with the objects that portray his bosom loves. The effort of art is perpetually to wed sentiment to substance. Every man is first incarnate in flesh, and second inworlded in nature.

We know little of the nature of our incarnation, first, because the conjunction between the spirit and the body is one not of concords, but of discords, owing to the disorders and casualties which have befallen the race : and second, because the faculties which man was sure to pervert have been temporarily eclipsed, until such a time as Divine restorative powers might be let down into the world. Through those restorative agencies, man as a spirit first becomes re-incarnated, and secondly re-inworlded organically. He then experiences the powers and the delights of Heaven, and, by the contrast of opposite conditions, becomes sensible of the constituents that enter into the substance and the insanity of Hell.

The delights which on earth have a physical basis, in Heaven have the same. This is true also of those which have an intellectual or moral foundation. In order that the man of the new age may be pleasantly exhilarated and refreshed by suitable presentations of the state into which the respirations of our Lord will finally uplift him, my eyes were opened, and I was permitted to translate into natural language one of those volumes which exist in Heaven ; its title, *The Pleasures of the Angels*. By considering that which now follows, the reader will form a clear idea of the object which the Divine Father seeks to obtain, especially, by His present providential dealings with those whom He visits in the recreation, alike of the spirit and its frame.

## THE PLEASURES OF THE ANGELS.

Constantius and Constantia, a wedded pair, at home, received upon the five-hundredth anniversary of their celestial nuptial union, as inmost bosom guest, the Creator of their spirits, and the eternal Restorer of their joys. He filled at once their twofold person. His hands were in the hands that touched each other ; His eyes within the eyes that looked upon each other ; His image in the countenances that reflected unknown beatitudes. And Constantius was a man-child in whom willed and spake All-Father, and Constantia was a woman-child in whom responded All-Mother. And from the inmost oneness of the Divine Being they were embosomed each in each, as loveliness in loveliness, innocence in innocence, and blessedness in blessedness.

In that sacred interpervasion they were conscious at once of unity and duality, of sex in all the degrees of spirit, and thence in all the attributes of person ; of eternal youth, of immortal vigour, of pure affection, translucent intelligence, and exquisite sensation. In possessing each other, they possessed the Lord, and knew the innumerable joys that move within the harmonious infinitude of Deity ; and they received power unitedly from that thrice holy communion, to clothe in the words of Heaven that which is herein written concerning the angelic joys.

We began our life upon the earth in the midst of penury, war, ignorance, and oppression. In childhood our Lord removed us from mortality. At ages which correspond respectively to nineteen and seventeen, our garments were given us, called beauty ; our shoes, called

innocence ; our crowns and coronets, called knowledge and perception ; becoming members of the youthful society in a Heaven called " *Respiria*," because it is that expanse which corresponds to the breathing organs of the frame. We were of that genius which is called composite. The fire-Adam of the will, a resident for the Fire-Christ of affection ; the light-Adam of the understanding, a habitation for the Fire-Christ of intelligence ; and the breath-Adam of the body, the temple for the Fire-Christ of sensation, Three in One. But, within the fire-Eve, dwelt the Fire-Christ-woman of the delight of affection ; and within the light-Eve, dwelt the Christ-woman of the delight of wisdom ; and within the breath-Eve, dwelt the Christ-woman of the delight of sensation, Three in One. Thus it is with all who inherit into the life of the Divine Spirit. So, giving Himself, our Creator prepares the two to become one heart, one mind, one body, one love, one wisdom, one felicity.

Blessed are all they who enter into the bosom felicity of the Infinite Love in unison with its own Infinite Wisdom. The home of Constantius, where he dwelt with many youthful brethren, was an embodiment of the fire-truth of the Fire-Christ's love, the light-truth of the Light-Christ's wisdom, the breath-truth of the Breath-Christ's person. This wrought a triune firmament for the stars of three heavens, and midway in the orient shone the visible sun of the Divine Presence, giving light to all.

And when Constantius breathed in the fire-heart of his love, he respired in unison with the fire-heart of the highest, the Celestial Heaven. It was the heart that breathed, the heart of the immortal frame ; and in the breath were songs, odours, and festivities. •

But Constantia dwelt in a twin paradise with many virgin companions. In the Motherhood of All-embracing Deity was that blessed home. Her eyes, dark and luminous, beheld the woman firmament, and saw within the day's luminary the Woman Infinite. There she sang—

Woman's heart and woman's hand,  
Pure and virgin and alone,  
By the Woman's arch are spanned,  
Circled by the Woman zone.

Nothing there may interfuse  
With the light that flows beside,  
Odours, harmonies, nor hues ;  
Being flows with single tide.

E'en the Father God appears  
Through the Eternal Mother's face,  
Till the blooming vestal years  
Robe and crown the maiden grace.

Heavenly King and Heavenly Queen,  
Father, Mother, two in one,  
First in Deity are seen,  
Beaming from the Bridal Sun.

The true order of the angels requires for its perfection that every spirit shall be from inmosts conjoined to its eternal counterpart, since the harmonies of the Heavens are unfolded through the unison of two hearts in one love, two minds in one truth, and two bosoms in one coactive joy. Otherwise the Heavens could not cohere together, their substances would be dissolved, their firmaments folded up, their flowers never multiply, their orchards bear no fruits, and their birds of song be silent.

In that sweet Paradise, in whose bosom Constantia



had her home, was an inmost labyrinth. Thither, led by the inward breathings of the Mother Deity, she retired to meditate in the day of the utmost perfection of maidenly innocence. The festive loves within her bosom sang, accompanying their voices in an audible refrain with sweet-toned instruments, vibrating through the bosom, and encompassing her in a chiming atmosphere. The pavilion to where she was conducted was illumined from within by the light of the purity of the Infinite Womanhood, and there she heard the voice of All-Mother, singing "Daughter, first born within my own love, and sheltered beneath my Word, my joy cannot be full in thee till thou art given to thy inmost bosom's twin created spirit; thy life's life, as thou art his." And while these words were being spoken in her ear, she looked up and beheld a youth who had been conducted through the same labyrinth by the breathings of All-Father. He saw her, and instantly knew that she was formed as the love of his love, the wisdom of his wisdom, and the person of his person; while she, in turn, with tender innocent delight beheld in him the image of her soul's love, the likeness of her spirit's truth, and the expression of her breathing thought in form.

We shrink from repeating these high strains. To cast them upon the stream of the world's thought is like throwing a wreath of white lilies upon the black current of a sewer. In nothing is man's depravity so evident as in the coarseness of his thought concerning sexual love. This vein of his ordinary sensation is obviously a jet of the infernal fire; yet this subject cannot be passed over, for out of it are all the issues of renovated life. Constantius and Constantia, two in one! The pure woman is the receptive form for the indwelling of the Infinite Woman-

hood, the pure man for the Infinite Manhood. As there is an infinite play and procession of divine affections between the Love and Wisdom of Deity, so the man and the woman, constituting in marriage unity one composite individuality, endlessly reciprocate in each other's bosoms the delights which descend from Deity and dwell within the wondrous frame.

It is obvious that neither Rome or Protestantism inculcate this faith, nor do they leave it as an august problem to be solved within the portals of a better life. Rome is essentially in its theory monastic. Marriage is a permitted impurity, or at least, in point of holiness, far below celibacy. Rome never twined a wreath of celestial flowers for Hymen's brow ; never chanted a heavenly epithalamium ; never overshadowed the nuptial couch with reverent wings ; never diffused a sanctifying power to exorcise the genii who invade and desecrate its mysteries. It leaves the sweetest of all human affections in the grave, where the body perishes, and inscribes the sentence of everlasting oblivion above the mute remains.

But if Rome is monastic, Protestantism is corporeal. From a celestial point of view its ideas resemble, not winged cherubs, not hymning seraphs, but beasts and creeping things. It marries for time, it divorces for eternity. As a worldly convenience, a temporal morality, a present divine ordinance, it recognises a mere form of union, and does well when it insists upon its maintenance, denouncing the violations of its ordinances with extreme spiritual penalties. But, while it consecrates and ratifies the external bond, and for that matter never hesitates to pronounce its awful binding phrase, though every consideration of moral fitness, every higher har-

mony is obviously violated,—it betrays too often the impurity of its internal thought, by denouncing as carnal the doctrine that finds in Heaven a unison of two kindred chastities in one beatitude. The rejection of this faith from its pulpits, the denial of it there, fatally disproves its claim to be considered as the church of God in any absolute and final sense. There is a point beyond which no man, no woman can advance, in the reception or assimilation of Divine breaths, without a knowledge of the doctrine of the conjugal order in its truth, and a bowing down of the whole being before its majestic purity.

Neither Rome nor Protestantism have any conception of chastity as to its essence. The highest Romish idea is that of the utter disseverance of the sexes. The highest Protestant idea is that of a sexual union between partners, upon the ground of natural desire. The popular philosophy of the day follows out this train of thought. The basal organs are called animal, the coronal organs intellectual and moral. The organs of sexual desire are located in the lower brain, and therefore the solicitations of sex are considered brutal and corporeal. Without doubt almost all youths, almost all married men, enter into wedlock with this idea, and it is as much a part of the popular thought as that two and two make four.

When the Divine breaths have so pervaded the nervous structures that the higher attributes of sensation begin to waken from their immemorial torpor, and to react against disease, a sixth sense is as evident as hearing is to the ear, or sight to vision. It is distributed through the entire frame. So exquisitely does it pervade the hands that the slightest touch declares who are

chaste and who are unchaste. Names it has many, according to its qualities ; let us here call it "a sense of chastity." God is the Infinite Chastity. If we may style Him the All-powerful, the All-merciful, for the same reason we adore Him as the All-chaste. The chastity of man is derived from the specific chastity of the Infinite Wisdom, and that of woman from the Infinite Love. United counterparts, angels of the universal Heaven, celebrate this chastity in their eternal coalescence, and this order is initiated upon every earth in its beginning ; while, except as evil is initiated, it characterizes the universal race.

But within this sense of chastity nuptial love has its dwelling-place. So utterly hostile is it by nature to what the world understands by desire and passion, that the waftings of an atmosphere, bearing these elements in its bosom, affects it with loathing, with mortal anguish, and with a dreadful horror. If passion is in the glance, the darts of the eye are as poisoned javelins. If passion is in the inflexions of the voice, the tones become as the hissing of vipers. If passion is in the magnetic fluids of the hands, their touch is as the stinging of ants, the biting of vitriol. If passion is in the emanations of the frame, their contact is as a cold plague, a living rottenness. This sense of chastity literally clothes every nerve. A living, sensitive garment, without spot or seam, it invests the frame of the universal sensations.

One born a thief requires a specific re-birth to become honest ; but all require a specific re-birth in order to become chaste. All bodies of our earth are hereditarily and organically unclean. In consequence of the suppression of the sense of chastity, marriage unions on

earth are without guarantee as to their internal and eternal ground. Doctrinally, the young of both sexes are without defence. A pleasing person attracts the eye, a magnetic radiation penetrates the bosom and calls forth soft emotions. The two natural souls desire each other, and at length commingle their elements. This is the usual ground of marriages of inclination. Marriages of convenience are still lower, being mere questions of bargain and sale. A few nobler natures are united from mutual respect for characters, sympathy of tastes, and fine harmony of dispositions; these are, however, exceptional. We are not to forget that the lines of Providence run through all the world, and it may be found that, in many instances, true counterparts are really conjoined in external relations, each ignorant of the blessed fact. No church, no sect, no philosophy in all the world, has power to discriminate in a single instance between what are temporal and what are eternal unions.

Constantia, the maiden, dwelt apart with her virgin companions. Young daughter of the holy breath, this lesson thine. From the eternal relations of male and female, truth and goodness, the young virgin, in the sacred recesses of consciousness, desires to find the mate. Our words are not designed for those who live contented in their natural respirations. The open respiring maiden will see the unseemliness, the immodesty of presenting herself as an implied or possible expectant in the society of her youthful compeers, while as yet the hereditary impurities of her constitution linger even in conjunction with the atoms of the frame. The merely natural maiden, a mixed form of two opposites, ventures in the beguiling path of courtship; her light is no higher, and she is judged according to it. But for one who has received

the better part, it is sacrilegious to invite or permit the attentions of a lover till first the sense of purity has become full formed and constitutional. May we not say more, till soul and body have both become one purity, and every degree of the organism a vital sensorium, hallowed, energised, completed in the chastity of God.

Constantius dwelt alone ; young brother, this for thee. The breaths of God make bare the depths of hereditary evil. We would not touch a flower with stains upon the fingers ; the awful, high-blooming flower of virgin womanhood, filling its sacred chalice from the nepenthe of the Heavens, who shall venture to put forth the finger of the thought toward it, till evil has been excluded from the frame? Constantius waited. He became a living repository of strength and valour and magnanimity and devotion and obedience. He walked with God, nor sought to penetrate with the curious eye into the hearts of the celestial virgins. He walked with God, and in the hour of his fitness, All-Father led him to his own.

But one says, "Waiting is hard." The answer is, Those in whom the respirations of God have descended, who are not willing to attain to perfect bodily purity before entering into the wedded state, are not fit for the kingdom of God. The probability is that they will find their names erased from the record of the inheritors of the Divine kingdom with man, and the sin of presumption be written over against them.

Why should they not pass together through the toilsome stages, a mutual help, solace and support? First from the wrong liable to ensue to posterity. During the beginnings of physical regeneration, the natural soul is perturbed, and the latent evils of a hundred generations

stirred up in the most intimate and vital chambers of the system. These increments, which the system is casting out, inevitably become so many vital seats of evil in the babe. By precipitate nuptials, the ancestral depravity is transmitted into new creations. By nuptials strictly in the consequences of an absolute purification, the river of hereditary depravity finds no outlet, and the children reap as the parents have sown for them. The voices of the unborn ones ask for bread; shall we give them a stone? For fish; shall we render them scorpions? There are permitted exceptions, where virgins have been spiritually crushed and physically weakened through the ravages of evil spirits, and when, unable by themselves to maintain rationality, the Lord permits the counterpart to appear for the purpose of preventing them from delirium and destruction. Other exceptions may doubtless exist, but the law is uniform as given above.

Constantius and Constantia recognised each other; regenerated spirits in recreated bodies, possessed, permeated, vitalized, and guided by the Lord. What solid ground of nuptials! Spirit of ancient Eden, spirit that livest in the soul of the world, come forth, clasp them in all sweet, natural airs, lead, through the rehabilitated frame, the long procession of the harmonies, for these are thine. Spirit of the sun, whose beams are living entities of light and heat, who bringest fertility, and dissipatest blight, and makest beautiful the earth for the endless bridals of the still renewing year; spirit of the sun, let thy quickening essence delight to move in rhythmic dances through the jocund frame. They have come up from great tribulation; they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; they follow the Lord whithersoever He goeth, for they



are virgin, pure from the contaminations of mankind. Father God, Mother God, unite them in every wisdom's marriage and every love's pure nuptials; they in Thee, O Lord, and Thou in them, that they may be made perfect in one. If Heaven is founded in conjugal love, it is obvious that the Divine kingdom cannot be established without the consent of corresponding conditions and relations. If in Heaven the basis of social order is marital order, so must it be below. If there all the senses are completed and included in the sense of chastity, so must it be below. If that sense of chastity is there the body for the spirit of conjugal desire, so must it be below. If the corporeal element of passion is excluded from the nuptial senses, so must it be below. If the utterly pure alone are permitted to enter into the Divine state involved in the nuptial union, so must it be below. If our Lord there provides and orders marriages which are conjugal for his renovated children, so must it be below.

“Then come the world's great bridals chaste and calm,  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.”

The doctrines here enunciated embody the cardinal principles of religion, in forms made comprehensible to every earnest seeker for the renovation both of the spirit and the soul. The path is marked out, the way is opened; “and the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”



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